

THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE,
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND BELLES LETTRES.

VOL. XXII. SEPTEMBER, 1836.*t.* No. 129.

	Page		Page
1 The British Museum - -	205	gham; or, the Inconsistent	
2 The Carnival at Rome -	221	Man—Suggestions for	
3 The Rose's Message -	232	obtaining the Best Medi-	
4 Half Hours, No. 2. - -	233	cal Advice—Tales of a	
5 Lines on Warwick Castle -	239	Rambler—The Church	
6 The Bawn Vone (concluded)	240	and Dissent considered	
7 The Warrior - -	247	in their Practical Influence	
8 Louis Philippe the cause of		—Church Review and	
the present state of France	248	Scotch Ecclesiastical Mag-	
9 Epigram, by a Boy at School	254	azine—Science of Eti-	
10 Letters from a Continental		quette—Lardner's Cy-	
Tourist - - -	255	clopædia—British Colo-	
11 Oh ! dites moi,—Oui -	262	onial Library—Notes of a	
12 Education of the People -	263	Rambler through France,	
13 Sonnet - - -	273	Italy, and Switzerland—	
14 M. De Chateaubriand -	274	Diary of a Desennyée—	
15 The Hours when kindred		A Trip to Rome at Railway	
Spirits meet - -	281	Speed - - -	294
16 MONTHLY REVIEW OF LI-		17 Fine Arts - - -	297
TERATURE—Excursions		18 Notes of the Month -	299
in Switzerland—Hase's		19 Varieties - - -	302
Ancient Greeks—Jernin-		20 Literary Notices - -	304

LONDON:
SHERWOOD, GILBERT, AND PIPER,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

IN consequence of a large quantity of valuable matter with which we are enabled to furnish our readers this month, it has been necessary to omit our leading Political Article and the Theatrical Comments; but, as the Houses of Legislature are prorogued and the Opera and Theatres have closed their doors for a few months, little remained for us to say on those topics, unless it had been to show the inefficiency of the last session of parliament. In the ensuing month it is our intention to take a view of French and Spanish affairs, more especially regarding the present disturbances of Spain.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have to apologize to "Caledonius" for omitting to notice his kind communication personally, as requested; unavoidable engagements prevented our replying till it was too late. He will oblige us by putting us in possession of the papers, and may rely on our integrity in making use of them if approved. An early answer is desirable.

"E. S. D.'s" letter has been received and will be answered forthwith, it is hoped satisfactorily.

Mr. Reid of Glasgow is informed that the "Monthly Magazine" has come into new hands since the last quarter, and that the present editor has no means of ascertaining what has become of the books sent for review and not used. Complaints of books and manuscripts lost have come from other quarters.

Several papers are under consideration, and many that should have appeared in the present number have been necessarily deferred till the next.

BRITISH MUSEUM AND ITS ABUSES.

DURING the two last sessions of parliament select committees have been employed in ascertaining from the examination of evidence whether the British Museum could not be better managed than under the present system of government, and whether its various collections connected with science and literature are made so available as they ought to be to the public, who are virtually its supporters.

In these observations we shall first enquire what were the intentions of the institution. Secondly, we shall briefly describe its history. And, in the third and last place, some of the defects in the constitution will be considered. And we shall hazard some few observations respecting the inefficiency of the parliamentary enquiry.

With respect to the intention of the institution no statement can be more conclusive than that given in the preamble of the act of incorporation (26 Geo. II.).

"Whereas all arts and sciences have a connection with each other, and *discoveries in natural philosophy*, and other branches of speculative knowledge, for the advancement and improvement whereof the said Museum or collection was intended, do and may, in many instances, give help and success to the *most useful experiments and inventions*; therefore, to the end that the said Museum may be preserved and maintained, NOT ONLY FOR THE INSPECTION AND ENTERTAINMENT OF THE LEARNED AND THE CURIOUS, BUT FOR THE GENERAL USE AND BENEFIT OF THE PUBLIC, be it enacted," &c. — *An Act to incorporate the British Museum.*

To this we may add the no less convincing evidence of some of the officers of the place, who would seem to be the enemies of all improvement. Mr. Forshall, the secretary and keeper of the MSS., says as follows :—

[612.] "I have always looked upon the Museum as the great national storehouse of literature, arts, and science, and that its chief object is *to assist persons engaged in any of these pursuits*; but IT IS ALSO IMPORTANT AS A PLACE OF INNOCENT AND INSTRUCTIVE AMUSEMENT for the population of the metropolis."

Mr. König's evidence was to the following effect :—

[2908.] "Do you not think that a national collection ought rather to induce and stimulate enquiry than to furnish information to those who are already learned? He replies, Certainly, it may be considered the chief object, in forming these collections, *to stimulate the exertions of the unlearned*; but whether or not the British Museum has that effect, I cannot say."

Mr. Gray, one of his assistants in the Natural History department of the Museum is still more explicit :

M. M.—No. 3

R

[3322.] "State what you conceive the objects of the Institution to be.— To encourage a taste for science *among the people generally*, and to advance it among those who are more especially to be regarded as men of science and students, *not by giving facilities to one set of students in particular*, but to open the collection *to all who are desirous of studying it*, and capable of profiting by it. There is also, in my estimation, another object, viz. to supply a collection of standard authority, as complete as possible, which may serve as *a model and a guide to all the other institutions of the country*. For this purpose it ought to be kept, in point of arrangement and nomenclature, on a level with the constantly progressing state of science."

It needs, then, no further argument to prove what the objects of the Museum really are *and are understood to be* by those men who are the most forward in defending the generally acknowledged abuses of this national establishment. The officers have themselves allowed every principle that we have contended for. We propose shortly to show how little they have carried their acknowledged principles into practice. First, however, with the view of putting our readers in possession of every circumstance, which knowledge is necessary to an impartial decision, some details must be furnished respecting the early and progressive history of the British Museum; and this constitutes the second part of our enquiry.

Till the middle of the eighteenth century (as Sir H. Ellis says, or causes to be said in the article "British Museum" of the Penny Cyclopædia) the project of establishing a national museum had never been entertained in this country. To Sir Hans Sloane, one of the most eminent physicians and naturalists of the last century, the founder of hospitals and the patron of medical botany, must be attributed the still greater honour of having had a large share in the foundation of the British Museum. This great man died at a very advanced age in 1753, and by his will left the nation a very rich collection of medals, objects of natural history, books, and manuscripts, the whole of which cost no less a sum than 80,000*l.*, on condition that 20,000*l.* should be paid to his executors for the benefit of his family. Whether such a treasure could be purchased at the present day for double the sum given for it by the original owner is at least doubtful. Among them may be mentioned above 24,000 specimens of coins, seals, cameos, and other antiquities, 8,230 mineral productions, 22,000 specimens of animal and 13,000 of vegetable organization, in addition to which may be mentioned above 200 valuable (310 in all) paintings and drawings, and a library consisting of no less than 50,000 volumes and nearly 4,000 manuscripts.

The point insisted on more strongly than any other by the testa-

tor was that *the collection should be kept and preserved together whole and entire.*

Parliament accepted Sir Hans Sloane's offer ; and on June 7, 1753, an act of parliament was passed empowering the government to raise 300,000*l.* by a lottery for purchasing the Sloanian Museum,* and also the Harleian collection of MSS., and for providing a general repository for the same, as also for the Cottonian Library, given to the nation in William the Third's reign. This is the Act of Incorporation of the British Museum. Montague House was afterwards purchased by the government for 10,000*l.* ; and, the various collections having been removed to this depository, the British Museum was opened for public inspection on the 15th of January, 1759.

Among the *first elected* trustees appointed to conduct the new establishment were several persons eminent for learning and science : viz. the Right Honourable Philip York, author of the "Athenian Letters;" Sir George afterwards Lord Lyttleton, the well-known author ; Sir John Evelyn, Bart., son of the celebrated Sir John Evelyn ; Nicholas Hardinge, Esq., a barrister, author of Latin Poems, and distinguished for the cultivation of the Belles Lettres ; the Rev. Dr. Birch, Secretary of the Royal Society, and author of many well-known biographical and historical works ; Dr. John Ward, Professor of Rhetoric at Gresham College ; and Mr. William Watson, afterwards Sir William Watson, a celebrated physician of the day.

The first establishment of *officers* consisted of a principal librarian at 200*l.* a-year, three under librarians, 100*l.*, three assistants, 50*l.*, a keeper of the reading-room, 50*l.*, a porter and messenger, 50*l.*, one man, 30*l.*, and four women-servants, which would probably amount to 900*l.* a-year ; and, notwithstanding the insignificance of their pay, we read in Dodsley's Guide that "the officers were remarkable for being a sensible and learned set of men."

This national collection, on its first opening, was divided into three departments : printed books, manuscripts, and natural history.

The printed books consisted at first only of Sir H. Sloane's and

* The net produce of this lottery (100,000*l.*) was thus distributed :—

To Sir Hans Sloane's executors	-	-	-	£20,000
To the earl of Oxford, for the Harley MSS.	-	-	-	10,000
To Lord Halifax, for Montague House	-	-	-	10,250
Expense of repairs and furniture	-	-	-	17,523
Reserve fund	-	-	-	30,000

£87,773

Major Edwards's libraries ; but, before the opening, King George the Second added the royal library, which contained all the valuable literature of the country from the time of Henry VIII. ; and to his gift was annexed the valuable privilege of claiming a copy of all books entered at Stationers' Hall. The subsequent additions to the library are too numerous to mention. King George III. gave a collection of pamphlets written between 1640 and 1660 ; and since then, at different times, acquisitions have been made by gift and purchase from Dr. Birch, Sir John Hawkins, Dr. Charles Burney, David Garrick, Tyrwhitt the classical scholar, Sir William Musgrave, Dr Bentley (with MSS. notes), Sir Richard Hoare, the Rev. C. M. Cracherode, Sir Joseph Banks, and many others. In 1823 the library of George III. was presented by his son to the nation, and ordered to be placed in the British Museum.

This library contains selections of the rarest kind, more especially of works of the first ages of the art of printing : it is rich in early editions of the classics, in the history of the states of Europe in the languages of the respective countries, in the Transactions of Academies, and in a grand geographical collection. Its formation was commenced at the time when the houses of the Jesuits were suppressed, and their libraries sold through Europe. It was still further enriched from the secularized convents of Germany. It was fed for more than half a century by an expenditure of little less than 200,000*l.*, and is in itself, perhaps, the most complete library of its extent that was ever formed.

Enriched by various editions and by large annual purchases, the Museum library now contains upwards of 220,000 printed books, and about 22,000 volumes of MSS. Under judicious management the collection might have been much larger, and *really* have been what Sir H. Ellis calls it, upon a range with the greatest libraries of continental Europe.* The parliamentary enquiry has brought many curious facts to light about the library which the jealousy of the present managers would fain have kept buried in Cimmerian darkness.

* The following account of the different libraries of Europe may be relied on as being tolerably correct :—

Paris.....	Printed Books	700,000.....	MSS. Volumes	80,000
Munich.....		500,000.....		16,000
Copenhagen.....		400,000.....		20,000
St. Petersburg.....		400,000.....		16,000
Vienna.....		350,000.....		16,000
Naples.....		300,000.....		6,000

The manuscripts originally consisted of the Harleian, Sloanian, and Cottonian collections, enriched by highly valuable papers from the royal library given by George II. The late marquis of Lansdowne's MSS. (purchased for 4,900*l.*), chiefly consisting of the Burghley papers and archbishop Kennett's MSS., were added in 1807. The Hargreave law MSS. were purchased in 1813, and Dr. Burney's classical MSS. in 1818. Two valuable oriental collections are in the Museum—one made by Mr. Rich, when consul at Bagdad, and purchased in 1825, the other bequeathed by J. F. Hull, Esq. in 1827. The late earl of Bridgewater left a collection of MSS. in 1829, with 5,000*l.* for further purchases, and 7,000*l.* more, the interest of which should pay a separate librarian. This librarian has never been appointed, and the proceeds go into the pockets of Sir H. Ellis and Mr. Forshall. The Howard Arundel MSS. were purchased from the Royal Society in 1831, at an expense of 3,600*l.* There are many other smaller collections, of considerable value; but those above mentioned are the most conspicuous.

The *natural history* collection is founded on that of Sir Hans Sloane, who, in this as well as every other department, may truly be called *the father of that great institution*. Large additions were made, corresponding with the rapid progress of science; purchases were completed at different times, and, at the present day, the natural history collection holds a very respectable station among the museums of Europe. The collection of minerals left by Sir H. Sloane, though rich, was deficient, made as it was almost before the existence of scientific mineralogy; but it has since been enlarged from time to time, chiefly by the Hatchett and Greville minerals, which last were bought by parliament for 13,730*l.* This department is, perhaps, the most complete in the museum. The arrangement is on the system of Berzelius.

The department of antiquities is one of much later date than those above mentioned; for, in the infancy of the Museum, the few antiquities then deposited were appended to the natural history: the coins and medals were classed with the MSS., and the engravings with the printed books. Sir William Hamilton's collection of vases and other Greek and Roman antiquities were purchased in 1772 for 8,400*l.* The Egyptian marbles were deposited by order of Geo. III. in 1801, and the Townley marbles in 1805.; and these large addi-

tions required additional buildings, and the formation of a new department. The department of antiquities was formed in 1807. Further purchases were made from the Townley family in 1814, to the extent of 8,000*l.*; and, in 1816, the Phigalean and Elgin marbles were added, which together cost 50,000*l.* The bronzes of Mr. R. Payne Knight and of the chevalier Brondsted ought not to be forgotten as valuable portions of the antiquities in the Museum.

The coins and medals of Sir Hans Sloane were 22,000, to which have been subsequently added others collected by Sir W. Hamilton, Mr. Cracherode, Mr. Roberts, Captain Cust, Lady Banks, Mr. R. P. Knight, Mr. Rich, and Mr. Marsden. Mr. Payne Knight's Greek coins and Mr. Marsden's splendid oriental coins are specially worthy of notice. The botanical department was formed in 1820, at the death of Sir Joseph Banks, who left his books and botanical specimens to the Museum. The books were incorporated with the rest of the library, and the botanical collection was united with that of Sir Hans Sloane, the whole being put under the superintendence of Sir J. Banks's librarian, Mr. Brown. We understand that it is a very fine collection, one of the finest in Europe; but it is not sufficiently easy of access.

The government of the Museum is vested under the act of parliament 26 Geo. II., and two or three other acts, in 48 trustees, including 23 official trustees, nine family trustees, one royal trustee, and *fifteen trustees who are elected by the other thirty-three*. The official trustees are the archbishop of Canterbury, the lord chancellor, the speaker of the House of Commons, the lord president of the council, the first lord of the treasury, the lord privy seal, the first lord of the admiralty, the lord steward, the lord chamberlain, the three principal secretaries of state, the bishop of London, the chancellor of the Exchequer, the lord chief justice of the King's Bench, the master of the rolls, the lord chief justice of the Common Pleas, the attorney-general, the solicitor-general, the president of the Royal Society, the president of the Society of Antiquaries, and the president of the Royal Academy. Of the family trustees, two represent the Sloane, two the Cottonian, two the Harleian, one the Townley, one the Elgin, and one the Knight families, by whom they are respectively appointed. The present royal trustee is the duke of Northumberland, appointed by his Majesty. The appointment of the trustees of the Sloanian, Cottonian, and Harleian families was

provided for by the act of 26 George II. Those of the Townley, Elgin, and Knight families are nominated under the respective acts by which the collections they represent were acquired. The act for the appointment of the presidents of the Society of Antiquaries and the Royal Academy, as official trustees, passed 5 George IV. That for the nomination of a royal trustee (who, in the first instance, was the duke of Gloucester) passed 2 William IV.

The following are the regulations under which the Museum is maintained at the present moment for public use. It is open for general inspection every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday in every week, from the hour of ten till four, except in the Christmas, Easter, and Whitsun weeks, during the month of September, and on four single holidays. Tuesdays and Thursdays in every week are devoted to artists and other students in the different departments. Foreigners and artists are also admitted during the month of September.

The reading room of the Museum is open from ten till four every day except on Sundays, and except for one week at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide respectively, and on the four single holidays already mentioned. Persons desirous of admission send their applications to the principal librarian, or, in his absence, to the senior under-librarian, who either admits them immediately, or lays their applications before the next general meeting or committee of trustees. All persons who apply for this privilege are to produce a recommendation satisfactory to a trustee, or an officer of the house.

We have thus, by a concise statement of historical and other circumstances, put the reader in possession of those facts which are prerequisites to the proper understanding of the question respecting the competency of the Establishment, under its present economy, to satisfy the public wants. It now remains for us to point out the defects of the Museum constitution, and to show why it is not fully available, as it ought to be, in the promotion of national education.

The Museum constitution is not a subject of such interest to the public generally that our readers can be expected to know much of it; but its reformation is absolutely necessary to all improvement, inasmuch as every evil may be traced to the inefficiency of the governing body as the first cause. The trustees, take them individually as men illustrious by birth, education, and talent, are worthy of the highest respect; but, when they are to be considered as the legislative body of an Institution dedicated to national education, some en-

quiry respecting their special competence is surely not impertinent; and, at any rate, a regular attendance on their duties is quite indispensable. That the visits of the Trustees have not been regular, nay, have been scandalously irregular, may directly be proved; for out of sixty-three committee meetings of Trustees, held during the years 1832-3-4, five did not attend *at all*, five others attended fewer than *five* meetings, nine attended less than *ten* times, and seven less than *twenty* times. Lord Farnborough attended fifty-five meetings, the bishop of London and Mr. Tyndale forty-two, and the archbishop of Canterbury thirty-six; and these Trustees were in truth the acting trustees or managers of the place. Surely such a state of things ought not to last; for no *four* men out of thirty-five, be they who they may, should be invested with such dangerous power. With respect to their competency for the specialities of their office some doubt may be reasonably entertained; for, with reference to science, it would be difficult to find a single name among the whole entitled to express a scientific opinion, and on subjects of learning and vertu, and on the antiquities, the professed hobby of the aristocracy, not more than seven or eight can claim to be regarded as thorough scholars, much less to have a voice in deciding the merits of books and manuscripts, which require the examination of the most experienced professional talents. But it may be said that the chief officers of the house assist them in forming their decisions: why then do they not act *ex-officio* as members of the board? And, if the Trustees say that the officers' opinion is consulted and acted on, they could not object to resign all except a financial connection with the establishment—to resign all except what properly belongs to *trustees*. Such a proposal would be rejected with insult. But, supposing the officers' opinion to be consulted, is their body, we may well ask, so composed that the first opinions in the country could have been had on the subjects of their respective departments? Let the reader who is conversant with the really scientific men of the country, and who knows them from their works as well as their titles, look at the list of the officers—look at the list and decide how many have been elected *because* they were the most competent men that the country could furnish. With respect to the official trustees, it is quite right that his Majesty's government should have a check on the proceedings of the council, and they should always have a seat at the Board; but, surely, thirteen out of thirty-five are rather too many. With the family trustees we

need not interfere any further than to suggest that their trusteeships should not be extended beyond the property which introduced them to the council. Here are thirteen elected Trustees, noblemen and other members of the aristocracy, *elected by the rest of the body*—elected generally with little reference to any thing beyond Parliamentary influence, or family distinction. Indeed out of the whole council it would be difficult to find an individual who, on the score of his scientific attainments only, would have gained a seat in the managing committee. This must be reformed ere any great improvement can take place in the management. There must be members of the council and officers of the house united in the same managing body, a large proportion of them holding an exalted station in the world of science; or else the Trustees must content themselves with a financial province, and leave the rest to the officers who henceforward shall be chosen (and paid accordingly) from among the most scientific men of the day, without interest or distinction of party.

The division of the departments is another subject of complaint. There are at present only four departments, which, considering the great accessions to the Museum—the number of specimens being now multiplied at least fifty times since the year 1807—are quite insufficient for their proper arrangement. There should be at least sixteen departments, over each of which a competent officer should be placed, who should be held responsible for the preservation and proper arrangement of his work. We enumerate, 1. Geology and Mineralogy—2. Botany—3. Entomology and Conchology—4. Fishes and Reptiles—5. Ornithology—6. Mammalia, with a subdivision for Comparative Anatomy, making altogether *six* departments for Natural History instead of *one*—four departments of the Antiquities (1. Egyptian and Oriental Antiquities. 2. Greek and Roman ditto. 3. British ditto)—*one* department for the Fine Arts—*one* for Ethnography, a subject totally distinct from antiquities—*one* for the Arts and Manufactures of Great Britain—and *three* connected with the Library: 1. Manuscripts—2. Printed Books—3. Maps, Charts, &c. &c..

A highly important part of the enquiry before parliament has been the formation of the catalogues. As respects the cataloguing of the natural history and antiquities, we know of none that are accessible beyond the Synopsis sold at the doors, which is quite insufficient for

the wants of even the ordinary enquirer. Ought there not to be special scientific catalogues in the rooms for the consultation of students? Are the attendants such catalogues? With respect to the library the unanimous vote of the readers in the Museum would, we are sure, decide on the inefficiency of the catalogues both of the MSS. and printed books, inasmuch as every person who has resorted thither for any purpose beyond mere amusement must have experienced much inconvenience from the merely alphabetical arrangement of Author's names. Indeed the trustees and officers themselves acknowledged the imperfection, and had resolution to go on for five years in making a classed catalogue, on which more than 5000*l.* was spent. Would that they had possessed resolution enough not to have abandoned their virtuous plan! Alas! the whole has ended in the formation of a comparatively useless alphabetical catalogue. The literary public are the sufferers, and in themselves reside the means of full satisfaction.

Nothing connected with the Museum has given more dissatisfaction to the public than its difficulty of access. In a public—a national—institution supported by the nation, the convenience of the people at large should be the first consideration, and every effort should be made, whatever the sacrifice, to make the place available for amusement and instruction. This has not been done either with respect to the collections or the library. The collections are shut on those days and during those hours when a great mass of the people desiring information can alone afford to visit them, and thus they are virtually excluded from all the inestimable benefits derivable from them. Not to over-state the matter, at least 50,000 intelligent members of the metropolitan community, who would under more favourable circumstances visit the Museum, are virtually excluded. With respect to the library, many gentlemen who ornament their professions and literary societies—men who hold exalted stations as professed men of letters—are excluded from the library, by the exercise of those honourable professions which give them their high standing in society.

There are other deficiencies and abuses connected with the Museum which have been brought before the public; but as the *whole* of the evidence is not yet published we refrain from any other exposures.

It is surely, then, not a small consideration, if the constitution of

the place be bad, if the officers be inefficient and insufficient in number, if the means of obtaining information be difficult or rather quite useless, and if there be not that facility of access that should lead us to agree that the Museum is fully available as a 'great national store-house of literature, arts, and science.'

A select committee have been engaged in the investigation of the Museum affairs during two sessions of parliament; and we shall present the results to our readers accompanied by a few passing comments. But it will be right, out of respect to the committee, to give their names.

The committee of 1835 was much larger than that of the following year, those marked with the asterisk only being on the committee of 1836.

*Mr. Estcourt, Chairman	Lord Claude Hamilton
Mr. Baring (now Lord Ashburnham, a Trustee)	Mr. Benjamin Hawes
*Mr. Bingham Baring (relation of Trustee)	*Sir R. Inglis (Trustee)
Dr. Bowring	Earl of Kerry (dead) son of Trustee
Mr. Carter	Lord Morpeth
Mr. Clay	*Mr. J. Parker
*Mr. Ridley Colborne	*Mr. Pease
*Mr. Compton	Sir R. Peel (Chanc. of Exchq. and off. Trustee)
Mr. R. Clive	Mr. Spring Rice
Lord Dalmeny	Mr. Ross
*Mr. Evelyn Denison	Lord John Russell
Lord F. Egerton	*Lord Sandon (son of Trustee)
*Sir Philip Egerton	Mr. Poulett Scrope
*Mr. Elphinstone	*Lord Stanley (son of Trustee)
Mr. Ewart	Mr. E. Tennant
Mr. Fazakerly	*Mr. Thorneley

Such was the committee of the enquiry, containing, among others, seven members personally interested in the continuance of the present government.

The result was the following paper:—

"At a Committee of the Trustees of the British Museum, July 20th, 1836, the Resolutions passed by the Select Committee of the House of Com-

* For Mr. Clay Mr. W. Marshall was afterwards substituted.

mons, appointed to enquire into the affairs of the Museum, as printed in the Votes of the 14th instant, were read to the following effect :

1. "*Resolved* That the great accessions which have been made of late to the Collections of the British Museum, and the increasing interest taken in them by the public, render it expedient to revise the establishment of the institution, with a view to place it upon a scale more commensurate with, and better adapted to, the present state and future prospects of the Museum."

Every intelligent person at all acquainted with the Museum—either those who resort thither for research and other scientific purposes, or those who visit the place from mere curiosity and for amusement—must agree with us that nothing less than a complete revision, or rather purification, of the Establishment, will make it available as a place of national education.

2. "*Resolved* That this Committee do not recommend any interference with the family trustees, who hold their offices under acts of parliament, being of the nature of national compacts."

The office of a trustee is to watch over the property committed to him, and to see that it is not injured by those who are privileged to use it. Trustees are not managers, and certainly not managers to the exclusion of the scientific men officially connected with the place. The head-officers of each department ought to have seats at the council-board and act with the trustees. The officers are men of rank and consideration sufficient to entitle them to this privilege.

"3. *Resolved* That though the number of official trustees may appear unnecessarily large, and though practically most of them *rarely, if ever, attend*, yet no inconvenience has been alleged to have risen from the number; and the committee are aware that there may be some advantage in retaining in the hands of government a certain influence over the affairs of the Museum, which may be exercised on special occasions; yet, *if any act of the legislature should ultimately be found necessary*, a reduction in the number of this class of trustees might not be unadvisable."

4. "*Resolved* That, with regard to the existing elected trustees, the committee think it *very desirable* that the trustees should take steps to ascertain whether some of those whose attendance has been the most infrequent, might not be willing to resign their trusteeships,—that in future it be understood that any trustee hereafter to be elected, not giving personal attendance at the Museum, for a period to be fixed, is expected to resign his trusteeship, *being however re-eligible upon any future vacancy*. (!!!)

5. "*Resolved* That in filling up vacancies it would be *desirable* that the electing trustees should not in future lose sight of the fact that an opportunity is thus afforded them of occasionally conferring a mark of distinction upon men of eminence in literature, science, and art."

Nothing can be more ridiculous than the temporising tone of these resolutions. We know not at whose suggestion they have been drawn up; but we are fully assured that no *recommendations* of the legislature will have the effect of reforming the constitution of the Museum. Nothing less than an "act of the legislature" will accomplish the desired

object. With respect to official trustees connected with the government, we quite agree that a much smaller number would suffice; and official trustees should be no more than trustees—not managers. Those distinguished personages are too much involved in public business to allow of their proper attendance to the Museum affairs. With respect to the elected trustees, the mode of their election should be wholly different. So long as the trustees have the election of their own body among themselves, private interest will often prevail for the election of improper persons. The king's government are the only proper electors of these trustees; and the desirable men for such an office are scholars and highly distinguished scientific persons.

6. "*Resolved* That the extension of the collections which has taken place, and the still greater extension which may be looked for, render a further division of departments necessary,—and that at the head of each department there be placed a keeper, who shall be responsible for the arrangement, proper condition, and safe custody of the collection committed to his care."

The suggestion of a further division of the departments is very good; and we trust that the council will act upon it. All the departments need division, and none more so than that under Mr. König, one of the most efficient officers of the place. The evidence of Dr. Grant, Mr. Vigors, and other naturalists, is quite conclusive as to the inefficiency of the arrangement in the Natural History department.

7. "*Resolved* That it is desirable that the heads of each department shall meet once in three months, for the purpose of consulting with reference to any matters of detail relating to the internal arrangements of the Museum, which they may desire jointly to submit to the trustees in writing."

The heads of departments ought to sit at the board and act with the trustees, having a vote on all subjects but expenditure. According to the present system, the officers go into the council-room only when called, and *stand* during their brief conferences with the trustees.

8. "*Resolved* That whenever there may be a vacancy in the office of principal librarian, or in that of secretary, it is desirable that the distribution of the duties now discharged by those officers respectively, including the expeditorship, be reconsidered, and that the office of Secretary be not combined with the keepership of any department."

An immediate separation of these offices should have been recommended. Sir Henry Ellis is only fifty and Mr. Forshall forty-two. This is indeed waiting for dead men's shoes. Mr. Forshall is a highly respectable man; but human nature is not inaccessible to the evil temptations of official influence. The possibility of evil should be removed out of mere charity to that excellent clergyman.

9. "*Resolved* That it is desirable that the hours during which the Museum shall be open on public days be hereafter from ten o'clock until seven

throughout the months of May, June, July, and August,—and that the reading-room be opened throughout the year at nine o'clock in the morning."

One of the greatest evils—one that has been more complained of than any other—is here left untouched without even the recommendation of reform. The Museum library is the national storehouse of literature; and its books should be at once liberally thrown open to the reading public, and to those among others whose occupations give them respectability and standing in society. Those who are not *professionally* literary men, or mere idlers, are excluded by their occupations. Barristers and other professional men have a right to be considered; and we trust that the question of an evening reading-room will be unceasingly agitated by men of letters, until the object shall have been gained. The winter evenings require artificial light, which, if *badly* managed, *might* set fire to the building; but surely, during six months, the natural light of the sun would be found sufficient until seven in the evening. This, however, after all, is not sufficient. The rooms should be open, like the libraries of the Royal and London Institution, to all who visit the Museum for purposes of study. The expense of extra servants is too paltry for consideration. The Museum library thirty years ago—that is, before it was generally used—was opened in the evening during two days of the week when not open in the morning. (See Sir Henry Ellis's evidence.) This was an arrangement *made for the convenience of the officers*—an alteration, not an extension, of the hours of admission. Besides, to reason from the inutility of evening admission in 1801, when scarcely twenty readers could ever be counted in the rooms, and to contend that it is needless at present, when the readers amount to several thousands, is absolutely ridiculous, a weak invention of the enemy!

"10. *Resolved* that it is desirable that the Museum be hereafter opened during the Easter, Whitsun, and Christmas weeks, except Sundays and Christmas-day."

The public rooms of the Museum should be open on *every* day during the holiday weeks, not merely on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, as at other times. The mass of the people should have every opportunity afforded them of spending a rational holiday. The provision of innocent enjoyment for the lower orders will effect more than many sermons and prohibitions against licentious revelry.

"11. *Resolved* that it is expedient that the Trustees should revise the salaries of the Establishment, with the view of ascertaining what increase may be required for carrying into effect the foregoing Resolutions, as well as of obtaining the whole time and services of the ablest men, independently of any

remuneration from other sources; and that when such scale of salary shall have been fixed it shall not be competent to any officer of the Museum paid thereunder to hold any other situation conferring emolument or entailing duties."

The sum voted to the Museum last year was 11,000*l.*, quite sufficient for every purpose if due regard be paid to economy. With respect to ability, there is much room for improvement, though we fully admit the high talents of many as men of letters. Fitness for the particular duties of each office should be always regarded in making the appointments.

"12. *Resolved* that it is desirable that the Heads of Departments do consult together as to the best method of preparing, on a combined system, an improved edition of the Synopsis of the museum,—that each officer be responsible for that part which is under his immediate control, and attach his signature to such part,—and that the work be prepared in such a manner as to enable each part to be sold separately, which should be done at the lowest price which will cover the expenses of the publication."

In no matter connected with the Museum is there greater need of improvement. The present Synopsis, which is sold for two shillings, answers the purpose of no parties, neither the scientific nor the unlearned; and its many absurdities and inconsistencies have called down the ridicule of intelligent men. There should be two kinds of Synopsis: one a mere guide book, of a nature to satisfy the necessary enquiries of casual visitors; and another, of an exclusively scientific nature for students,—persons who would make the collections available for scientific education. The latter might be sold in parts.

"13. *Resolved* that it is expedient that every exertion should be made to complete, within the shortest time consistent with the due execution of the work, full and accurate Catalogues of all the Collections in the Museum, with a view to print and publish such portions of them as would hold out expectations of even a partial sale."

Full and accurate catalogues are certainly desirable, but we for our part should have wished the words systematically arranged, to have preceded catalogues. The necessity of classed catalogues both in the library and in the scientific departments, is so severely felt by every person who resorts to the Museum for purposes of *study* and *research* that we are sure that parliament could not confer a greater benefit on the literary public than by making it compulsory, when making the next year's grant, that classed catalogues should be forthwith begun and completed within a stipulated time. There is, so far as we know from enquiry, no properly classed catalogue of the collections. With respect to the manuscripts, each collection has its own catalogue without classification (unless we except the im-

perfect classification of the Harley MSS.), and readers have the trouble and vexation of looking through many volumes before they can find the required document. Why is there not a general index to the manuscripts? But even a general index would be of little service unless it was classed. It is a *general classed* index of the MSS. that is wanted. And this directs our attention to the printed books, which even more than the manuscripts require a classed catalogue; inasmuch as all the valuable literature of our own country, dating so late as the middle of the sixteenth century, may be found in types. We hesitate not to say that nine-tenths of the present readers use almost exclusively the printed books of the library. It is to be hoped that many years will not have elapsed ere the catalogue that was so auspiciously begun shall have been re-commenced and completed. In the mean time we should not forget that two separate offers have been made by individual publishers to complete the work from which the whole body of trustees shrunk on the ground of expense.

"14. *Resolved* That it be recommended to the Trustees that every new accession to the Museum be forthwith registered in detail, by the officer at the head of the department, in a book to be kept for that purpose,—and that each head of a department do make an annual report to the Trustees of the accessions within the year, vouched by the signature of the principal librarian, of desiderata, and of the state and condition of his own department."

This is quite insufficient. It is due to the public that an advertisement should be made in a regular manner in the most public papers of the dates of such additions, in order that the public shall know how soon the books or collections so received may be reasonably expected to be open to the general visitors of the Museum. The Legislature is the only body besides, which ought to be responsible for the Museum.

"15. *Resolved* That it be recommended to the Trustees to take into consideration the best means of giving to the Public a facility of obtaining Casts from the Statues, Bronzes, and Coins, under competent superintendence, and at as low a price as possible."

Every person connected with the arts, who is acquainted with the antiquarian department of the Museum, is well aware that sufficient provision has not been made for artists, particularly designers, carvers, chasers, and others engaged in the practical and mechanical departments of the arts. This recommendation demands immediate attention.

"16. *Resolved* That the Committee are well aware that many of the alterations, which they have suggested, cannot be carried into effect, *except by increased liberality on the part of Parliament*, both with respect to the

Establishment of the Museum, and also to a much greater extent, for the augmentation of the Collections in the different Departments; but they confidently rely on the readiness of the Representatives of the People to make full and ample provision for the improvement of an Establishment which already enjoys a high reputation in the world of science, and is an object of daily increasing interest to the people of this country."

The parliamentary grant has been increased to the amount of 4000*l.*, and certainly, notwithstanding Mr. Hume, there is no disposition in 'the representatives of the people' to deprive the Museum of its just demands, so long as it holds the station to which it should aspire in the world of science.

"17. *Resolved* That the Committee, in the alterations which they have suggested, do not mean to convey a charge against the Trustees, or against the officers of the Museum, whose talents, good conduct, and general and scientific acquirements are universally admitted; and they are aware that, where imperfections exist in the Collections, those imperfections are mainly attributable to the very inadequate space hitherto available for their exhibition, and to the limited pecuniary means at the disposal of the Trustees; and they are of opinion that the present state of the British Museum, compared with the increasing interest taken in it by all classes of the people, justifies them in the recommendations contained in the above Resolutions."

From a resolution so negatively complimentary to the present management, we ought not to dissent in deference to the honourable members of the committee; but, at the same time, we hope that such compliments will induce 'the powers that be' to comply the more easily with the recommendations of that committee. We have seen the collections of fossil-zoology and botany, and of zoology generally, as placed in the new buildings, and certainly no very high compliments are due to Messrs. Children and Gray, for the arrangement of the various specimens. (See Dr. Grant and Messrs. South and Vigours, in evidence.)

"18. *Resolved* That the Committee, having taken into consideration, the Petition presented to the House by Mr. Charles Tilt, and referred to the Committee, which Petition prayed for public assistance in the preparation of a work from the Medals in the British Museum, and having taken Evidence on the said subject, consider that in no way can they more satisfactorily discharge the duty confided to them by the reference in question than by simply laying before the House the Minutes of Evidence so taken, and ordering the Petition of Mr. Charles Tilt to be placed as an Appendix to that Evidence, and to these Resolutions."

The relief process of M. Colas of Paris, which Mr. Charles Tilt has proposed by petition to apply to the copying of the medals in the British Museum, is most beautiful, and should be immediately adopted. Nothing but the jealous interference of some of the family trustees can stand in the way of so reasonable a proposition.

We have thus given to our readers, accompanied with a few passing remarks, the resolutions of the select committee of enquiry, which

the trustees, by their treatment of them, evidently consider merely as recommendations to be adopted or not as should seem fit to them, and at the time most convenient to them. The resolutions of the trustees are inserted in a note,* and the results are now before the public.

Thus has ended the parliamentary enquiry. The evidence during both sessions has been most conclusive in favour of every point for which men of science and literature and the public in general have a right to contend; and from a mere *enquiry* nothing further can be gained. The moral triumph has been complete; but, of course, in a select committee of the House of Commons a certain regard must be paid to personal interests and to parliamentary etiquette, so as to prevent any strong measures being used. It is to be hoped that the next session will not have passed ere the chief recommendations shall have been put in practice. The public will not rest content with trimming measures. Nothing less than a thorough reform of the Museum will be generally satisfactory. The result we shall await with patience.

H. H. D.

*“The Trustees proceed to consider these Resolutions, and having adverted to each of them in order, Resolved as follows:—

“1. With respect to such matters in the first five Resolutions as appear to call for the intervention of the Trustees, this Committee recommends the several points to the serious consideration of the General Board of Trustees, whenever the occasions arrive for giving practical effect to these resolutions.”

“2. With respect to the 6th Resolution, this Committee advises the immediate appointment of a Sub-Committee of Trustees, to make a Personal Survey of the Museum, and in conjunction with the Heads of the existing Departments, and with such other Gentlemen employed in the Museum as it may be thought expedient to consult, to take into consideration and report to the General Board the best mode of giving effect to the said Resolution.

“3. With respect to the 7th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 13th, and 14th Resolutions, the subject-matter of which appear connected together, and have reference to new internal arrangements which may be immediately necessary, this Committee is of opinion that the consideration of these Resolutions, and of the best practical mode of giving effect to the Recommendations which they involve, should be referred to the same Sub-Committee to which the 6th Resolution is referred.

“4. That a special Memorandum be made of the Recommendations contained in the 8th Resolution with a view of ensuring the attention of the Trustees to them on the first opportunity of Vacancies.”

“5. With respect to the 12th Resolution, this Committee understands that measures have been already taken for giving effect to the Recommendation contained therein.”

“6. This Committee is further of opinion that a General Meeting of the Trustees should be convened at the earliest practicable period for the purpose of deliberating upon the Recommendations contained in the 15th Resolution, and of entering into such communication with the Chancellor of the Exchequer as may appear advisable, with reference to the Financial Considerations connected with the Report of the Select Committee, and particularly with the 16th Resolution of that Report.

“Extracted from the Minutes.”

“J. FORSHALL, Secretary.”

THE CARNIVAL AT ROME.

"I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor; and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?"

Romeo and Juliet, Act I. Scene 5.

THE carnival, properly so called, is the time from Christmas to Shrovetide, during which interval the theatres are opened, and the town begins to assume an appearance of gaiety. But the carnival so famous all over the world is the eight days* immediately preceding Lent, when Rome and the Romans seem changed to another place and a different people. In the spring of 1835 this last and concentrated carnival commenced on Saturday the 21st of February. But long before the actual commencement, its approach is indicated by various and unequivocal symptoms. Gradually and one by one, as the stars come out after sunset, a mask or a fancy dress, often of the humblest materials, makes its appearance in the shops; now and then a race-horse is led up the Corso, to familiarize him with his future career; organ-grinders, tambourine-players, toy-sellers, wild-beast-men, giantesses, dwarfs, and phenomena of all sorts, creep from their dark retirement and disperse themselves about the town. Day by day benches and scaffoldings gradually rise along the Corso, and their progress is anxiously watched by multitudes of shaggy-cloaked expectants, who have little hope of being able to purchase a seat there when they are finished. The markets, which in Italy always exhibit a curious and incongruous display of eatables, are now fuller and more incongruous than ever. The word *carnival* or *meat adieu!* has its proper effect, and every one prepares for a last and vigorous effort of indulgence. Delicacies, which an Englishman would denote by some other name, pour in from all quarters—wild boar, kid, and occasionally an otter or a hedgehog, dog-fish, cuttle-fish, red mullets, crawfish, baskets full of small fry about half an inch long, dandelion, wild asparagus, young shoots of the hop plant, and thistle roots, thousands of thrushes, starlings, linnets, goldfinches, and tom-tits, all nothing but feathers and skin.†—These form a very small extract from the Roman bill of fare. To make the approaching fête still more brilliant, the public fountains are cleansed out, the

* In these eight days are not included two Sundays and a Friday, which intervene between them, and divide the festivities into four portions. Laying aside the claims which Sunday has on all Christians, and Friday on the Roman Catholics in particular, eight days' continued merriment would tire the highest spirits, and make the wildest imagination flag, were not some such agreeable relief as this interposed.

† A lady on her first visit to Italy saw with some surprise a dish of these little birds produced at a table d'hôte, and enquired what they were. "Madame," replied a hungry Frenchman, "*ce sont des illusions.*"

streets are swept by galley-slaves or convicts sentenced to that office, and criminals are publicly decapitated, perhaps as a warning to others to make a discreet use of the coming license. Even the monastic world relax their severities; and religious orders who pass the rest of the year in seclusion may now be seen enjoying liberty and fresh air, and indulging in a walk or a drive. Here passes a hackney coach containing three or four nuns; there a procession of pretty novices, neatly dressed in black, steals by on its way to some garden or villa—well watched and guarded, however, by one or two nuns of authority, who bring up the rear. And at night a heavy brick-red capacious carriage, which claims a prelate for its owner, may occasionally be seen about the theatres, conveying, doubtless, not himself, but his suite and household, to hear an opera and see a ballet.

These are a few of the symptoms of that explosion which is to fire off at one burst the long-subdued gaiety of the Roman populace. The day before the carnival men on horseback, in an antique red and yellow dress, parade about the town with eight banners, which are the prizes of the horse-race on each day, calling for a drink-money at the houses of the principal officers engaged in the festivities. One banner is cloth of gold about three yards long, another cloth of silver, a third of crimson, a fourth of scarlet velvet, the rest of inferior silks; but on each is painted or embroidered a victorious horse, and a sort of streamer at the top is decorated with the pope's arms.

But, in order to convey a clear idea of the carnival, it will first be necessary to describe, with some minuteness, the Corso, the street where it is held, and in which all the fashion as well as the humour of Rome are, for the time, concentrated.

In almost every large town in Italy there is one long narrow street called the Corso, from the horse-races which are held there at this season; but I know few cities except Rome where the Corso is the principal thoroughfare, and where, on other occasions also, the greatest bustle and movement is to be found. Here, on every saint's day and Sunday, through the cooler part of the year, a procession of carriages regularly passes up and down from about three in the afternoon till sunset, the foot-pavement is crowded with well-dressed *men*; and this display is so much a thing of course that guards are stationed to prevent any of the carriages from breaking the line, or interrupting the regular course of this whirlpool of men and horses. In short, the Corso is the Hyde Park of Rome.

But this Hyde Park is a long, straight, narrow street, about three-quarters of a mile in length, and terminated at one end by the Piazza del Popolo, the principal entrance to Rome, and at the other end by the Piazza di Venezia. At about the middle of its course it passes by another square called the Piazza Colonna, from the beautiful historical column of Antoninus Pius which rises in its centre. On the Sunday promenade these three squares form a sort of eddy to the tide which runs through the Corso. Here they turn, drive off, or fall in, as it may be: and without these spaces for rallying the narrowness of the Corso would render it a scene of inextricable confusion. So great is the passion for this drive among all classes in Rome that

the lower orders will club their purses to procure an occasional hackney coach; and you see the lady's maid, the small tradesman's wife, and the well-doing washerwoman, lolling in a wretched carriage, bowing, with great airs, to each other, and looking down on the pedestrians with an expression of such contempt that I have once or twice seen it returned by a chorus of laughter. Nor are they ever tired of this amusement. The Roman drives up and down the Corso, down and up again, without appearing to suspect that this pastime may be dull or monotonous, and remains most firmly attached to a custom which is produced by the indolence peculiar to a warm climate, and perpetuated by the vanity common to the human species.

The Corso of Rome is so narrow that in few parts it would allow more than three carriages to run abreast, and generally not more than two. The houses on each side are very lofty, and mostly built in that gloomy though grand style of architecture which distinguishes the Roman palaces of the time of Leo X. In many the windows of the ground floor are protected and completely covered with solid gratings of wrought iron; and, though their design and workmanship are often very elegant, still the whole effect is heavy and sombre. In others the ground floor is appropriated to shops and warehouses, the upper apartments being retained by their noble owners, or let to such travelling milordi as can pay for them. So that the Corso is at the same time a busy lively thoroughfare, and a street of dark majestic palaces, which give to the mind serious and even melancholy impressions; and it is terminated by one, the Palace of Venice, which is doubly the representative of fallen greatness, for it was built with stone torn from the Coliseum* of Rome to form a diplomatic residence for the representative of the Venetian republic. Austria, into whose hands Venice has fallen, now holds possession of this remnant of two states, perhaps the two most interesting in the history of the world.

But, stately and grand as the Corso may be at other times, when the carnival begins its character alters and the scene is changed. Outside the houses temporary balconies are erected, and gaily hung with tapestry and fringes; and the pope issues a notice (*avviso*) recommending that they be strong. From every window coloured cloth, drapery, or carpets are suspended, so that the face of every house is nearly overspread with a party-coloured covering. A flag is seldom seen in Italy; but on fête-days these carpets and damasks answer nearly the same purpose. The ground is strewn with a light brown volcanic gravel, both to improve its appearance and to give a firmer footing to the horses. All this, united with the height of the houses, the softness of the climate, and the gaiety of the costumes, gives to the Corso the air of a vast ball-room or gallery, decked out to receive an assembled nation in their hours of festivity, and one forgets entirely that it is a mere street, or that it ever has been or ever can be used for the common purposes of every-day life.

* Bad as was the fate of the Coliseum, namely, to supply stones for many of the modern churches and palaces of Rome, other buildings have been destroyed for a yet lower purpose—to furnish the mortar. Many are the temples and statues which were broken up during the middle ages and burnt to make lime.

When the carnival commences, and the signal for the reign of misrule is given, very little is done on the forenoon of the first day, or of any succeeding one. It would be too much to play the fool from morning till night, and so men save themselves for a grand and united burst of folly. It is at about half past two that the tide begins to flow: men, women, children, and carriages may then be seen tending from all parts to a common centre. The Corso is the attractive power which draws to itself the most discordant particles of society, there to work and ferment as they may. At every avenue a dragoon is stationed to hinder ingress and egress by any other except the right one. Parties of infantry are continually marching up and down, to prevent the disturbances, civil or political, that might easily arise in such an assembly. Bands of military music are posted here and there, to show that the papal army is employed on this occasion to adorn and not to intimidate. But the carriages have formed two close and connected lines; there is a train of pedestrians in the middle and another on the foot-pavement on each side, and a scene is commencing to describe which would require, as Homer says of a different display, a hundred brazen mouths, as many tongues, and as many different voices.

And first we will begin with the masks on foot; nor are the simplest of these the least elegant—for instance, when a country girl of Tivoli or Murino appears in the native costume of her beautiful country, merely concealing her face with a mask of black silk. There are several of these women constantly in Rome, who not only are worthy to be, but who really are professionally models for painters. But fun, not elegance, is the order of the day, as a list of groups and characters will clearly show. A black bear walks arm-in-arm with a cat, and a man after them dandles a dog dressed like an infant in swaddling clothes.* A white bear runs about in a rampant attitude, occasionally taking off his head to cool himself, or quiet some child that had been frightened. A warrior with a lance and helmet charges the crowd, at the same time humorously counterfeiting imbecility and cowardice. A foot soldier, in a ridiculous uniform and yellow complexioned mask, struts before the pope's shabby troops, and caricatures their ill-disciplined manners. Sometimes a handsome fellow, clean shaved and dressed to represent a bouncing woman of forty, singles from the throng a well-dressed man, perhaps an Englishman, and kisses him with a loud smack, to the great amusement of the bystanders. Then come Harlequins, Punches, and Scaramouches by dozens. Two physicians strut along, followed by an apothecary bearing a syringe of awful dimensions. The Quaker, dressed in an old-fashioned English suit of clothes, is not so favourite a character as

* Almost immediately that a child is born the Romans bind it up in a peculiar manner, and so tightly that the poor thing cannot stir its legs. On the Epiphany, or *Festa dei tre Rè*, i. e. Feast of the Three Kings, a miraculous image of the infant Saviour is exhibited at the church of S. Maria, in Araceli, and this image is an exact model of the present Roman method of swaddling children, except that the clothes are covered with gold and jewels, and that the tips of the toes are uncovered. Every stranger observes that Rome contains a very large proportion of dwarfs and deformed persons, and the plan of nursing adopted there furnishes one sufficiently obvious cause.

it was some years ago, but he is still occasionally to be seen talking and staring with stiff impertinence. There are brigands, negroes, madmen, Turks, and Persians without number. There are wigs of scarlet, green, and blue hair; noses like birds' beaks or elephants' trunks; and faces of a brilliant blue or scarlet complexion.

On the other hand, the carriages, though generally filled by the upper classes, and people who do not choose to disguise themselves, are yet not occupied by people too fine to make merry; and, even when the masters do not choose to travestie themselves, the servants are allowed full liberty of embodying their fancies. Thus you see a coach driven by a lady six feet high, who has feathers on her head, a reticule on her arm, and who, with mincing modesty, is very fearful her legs or feet should be exposed; Harlequin, or Scaramouch, or a fine-looking woman (apparently), or a mameluke, acts as footman. A sort of open omnibus, holding twelve or sixteen absurd characters, and driven by a devil or a monkey, comes next; and a general grin is caused by a broken-down carriage filled with young ladies apparently in their night-gowns. In short, the further a person can depart from his real character the better. Children three or four years of age are dressed as very old men, or bearded Turks, or general officers. Men appear as wild beasts or as women. The Romans have a particular pleasure in taking this opportunity of ridiculing female vanity and affectation—sometimes even carrying their humour beyond the limits either of reason or delicacy: for example, by representing a woman *very far* advanced in the family-way. By a similar perversity young ladies have a peculiar *penchant* for male attire: the surtout, boots, and hat cocked on one side, do not prevent their being recognised.

Well, now that my forces are all drawn out on the field of battle, nothing remains but to put them into action. And, though the unlearned reader may suppose the last sentence to be only a figure of speech, it is really no such thing. A battle does commence, and in good earnest. For the Italians, thinking it might become insipid to parade continually up and down and do nothing else, invented the not inelegant custom of saluting each other by throwing a handful of sweetmeats or a bouquet of flowers—a graceful action, which, when executed in good style by a handsome woman, brings into real life and existence the Aurora of Guido or Guercino. But, though the original fashion still remains, some other degenerate ones have been engrafted on it, which might be considered ill-natured and spiteful were they not highly ridiculous.

There is a kind of comfit made of chalk, about the size of a pill, and altogether very like the first efforts of an apothecary's apprentice. They are of various colours, green, pink, and brown, but generally white, and are prepared in such quantities that bushels and sacks full are sold in the streets. Every one, whether on foot or in a carriage, takes care to be well provided with this ammunition, and some even make use of a tin funnel, and others of a spoon with an elastic handle, in order to throw with greater force and certainty. Such are the common materials of warfare, and a mask of fine woven wire is generally used by those who have no other defence against

these annoyances. But the more elegant pelt each other only with bunches of flowers or bon-bons—the less elegant with egg-shells full of flour, or handfuls of pounded chalk.

It is easier to conceive than describe the different encounters which take place in the general skirmish. Sometimes a pair of combatants, beginning at first *piano, piano*, gradually lose a little temper, and advancing from *crescendo* to *forte*, only stop because their shot is exhausted, by which time they are generally both as white as millers. Sometimes two carriages, in passing each other, stop for an instant to fire a broadside, which leaves terrible traces on velvets and satins. Another party, posted in a balcony, and selecting some commanding corner, with the skill of a Wellington, hail down such showers on the passers by that to escape is all they can do—and the crowd often prevents that. At the end of the day the ground is quite white, as if after a violent hail-storm. No one is ever supposed to be offended with any thing that occurs. Are you pelted, you must pelt in return. A person stops you in the crowd, and tries to raise a laugh against you—make the best use of your wits in reply. A mask gets up behind your carriage, on the box, and even into it—but, as he generally behaves with the utmost civility, all you can do is to laugh at his impudence.

When this scene of confusion and fun has reached its greatest height, which is at about half-past four, a cannon is fired on the Capitol to give notice that the Corso is to be cleared of carriages for the race, and the same signal is repeated along the line, and answered by another cannon in the Piazza del Popolo. In a few minutes the guns again fire, and it is then supposed that the street is occupied by pedestrians alone; and it is really surprizing with what precision, and in how little time, every vehicle disappears. But the whole Roman people are so practised year after year in the details of the carnival that they execute each of its movements almost as mechanically as a soldier on drill performs his exercise. Now, when the carriages are gone, succeeds another and a greater difficulty—to open a passage for the horses through the crowd. Various are the means employed, but none are effectual longer than for a moment. First, half a score of dragoons charge the multitude, and gallop along the course. The multitude opens and closes again as the waves rush on in the track of a steamer. Then a party of infantry march along, dropping a soldier on each side of the street, every five or ten yards, to keep open a passage, if he can. And, lastly, a body of foot soldiers, exactly the breadth of the street, march along, and sweep before them every one who is not included within the prescribed limits. But, even then, except just near the starting-place, the motley mass closes in again, led on, perhaps, by some half-dozen masks, who in general consider themselves privileged persons.

Suppose, then, that the course is clear, that each dragoon is posted in his nook, that the guns are again primed and loaded, that all is ready. Quick, then, to the Popolo, for it is an anxious moment! The rope is stretched across the course, and, hark! Bang!—the cannons. The gates are opened, and, look! there are the horses, plunging and kicking—the grooms can scarcely hold them. They

are to run without riders, guided by themselves alone ; and well they know it. See ! that brown pony, covered with tinsel, has got half under the rope in his struggles to be off ; and the black one, painted with white stars, has his fore-legs over it ; and the bay, with lighted crackers on his back, is kicking most furiously. They will be gone before they can take their stations fairly. Yes, it is so ! The trumpet sounds—the rope drops—the grooms let go—and off they scamper like the winds let loose. For one moment we see them rushing into the distance, but the crowd closes in—they are gone—they disappear.

Another day let us go to the Piazza di Venezia and see the termination of the race. The nearer we can be to the end of the course, the better ; for those two sail-cloths stretched across the street are the goal which decide the victory. The Roman Senate, resembling their predecessors in name and title* only, take their station here ; and their gilded carriages and gaudy liveries will serve to amuse us while we are waiting. But in the midst of these laces, and furbelows, and cocked hats, and bag-wigs, do not overlook those fine wild-looking fellows, with nothing to distinguish them from the other peasants but a scarlet cap, with a gold tassel. They look more serious and determined than the rest. They had need be so ; for each is here to catch his horse at the end of the race, and he well knows that, unless he do it boldly and skilfully, his life may pay for it. But the cannons have fired for the third time, and there is a movement in the crowd. Something must be coming. Yes, they open—it is they!—the horses ! But, ah ! they do not come in so quick as they started ; and at the head of the body there are three abreast. It is near the end, and which will win ? Yes, one has sprung forward—he is first—he bounds to the cloth, which he can scarcely see, touches it, starts back, rears, and falls. But he wins, and he is not hurt, for his master has caught him, and is leading him away.

And now for the rest, that come charging in a herd. With what precision each groom darts into the body as they sweep by, and seizes his horse ! One fails, and is trampled under foot, but his friends lift him up again ; he may, perhaps, be unhurt.

Is it all over ? No, I think not yet, for a sound of laughing, cursing, and yelling arises : and, at last, like hunted wild-beasts, two horses, that had been long, long behind, come in, pursued with execrations (the mob hates a failure), and they say that two others, frightened by the throng, have bolted from the Corso, and escaped.

So, now that the race is over, let us go home.

* * * * *

The prize which has excited all this contention is two-fold. One of the strips of cloth which had been paraded about the town, and a sum of money. And the history of these banners, like that of almost every thing else in Rome, is characteristic and memorable. During the more intolerant days of the papal church, when she had survived persecution, but had *not* learned mercy, the Jews were compelled in person to run the same races in the Corso, for the satisfaction of their

* S. P. Q. R. is painted on the panels of the state carriages of the executive government.

believing brethren, and were followed in the course by the same yells, shouts, groans, and execrations, which now fall to the lot of the hindmost horses. In course of time, as the church became more tolerant or less powerful, this degradation to both parties was commuted into a fine of money, to assist the expenses of the carnival—and now, the cloth of gold, and the cloth of silver, the odds and ends of velvet and silk, are a tribute of no very great weight, which the Hebrews pay for being tolerated. The money gained by the winning horses is furnished by the government. For six days, the first horse gets thirty scudi (about 6*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*); on Thursday, or Giovedì Grasso, he gains sixty scudi, or 12*l.* 15*s.*; and on Shrove Tuesday, the last day, eighty scudi (about 17*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.*) is the reward of the victor. There are, on an average, about ten or eleven running horses each day. There is no betting on these occasions. Formerly, some imitators of the English betted small sums, but it is now out of fashion. None but Roman horses are allowed to run; and, even if a foreigner choose to enter one, it must be a horse of the country, as the ostensible motive of the premium is to improve the breed of horses in the Roman states.

There is, doubtless, a great deal in all this which appears childish and ridiculous. The horses, running through a paved street, upon much the same principle as a dog with a tin canister tied to his tail, hunted by the mob, and made wild as antelopes, have certainly not a fair trial of speed or strength. The prize also seems, to our ideas, rather small. But, as every one is satisfied, all ends are answered. The farmers, and small landed proprietors, who furnish the horses, are very proud of the banner, and contented with the sixty or eighty scudi. The pope and cardinals may fancy that they improve the race of *barberi*, as they are called; and nothing can surpass the delight of the Romans at the whole exhibition. As the horses are being led to the course they count them, one, two, three, and so on, with a nervous sort of anxiety; and when the rope drops, and the barbs start off in a body, people clap their hands, and lean back, in their enthusiasm exclaiming, “Ah, bella! bella! Dio mio, che bella cosa!” “Oh, beautiful! beautiful! Good heavens, what a beautiful sight!”

On every evening during the carnival all the theatres are open; but they are not always very well attended, because a greater object of attraction is found in the masked balls given at the Teatro Aliberti,* in the Via del Babuino, the largest theatre in Rome. As the admission is but three pauls, or about fifteen-pence English, it is always crowded; and there are frequently between three and four thousand people assembled. At a popular entertainment like this, we are not to expect the same splendour of costume or display of wealth as would be found at a masquerade or fancy ball in England, because with us such scenes are frequented only by the higher classes: but there is no lack of fancy or humour, there is no rudeness or boisterousness, and it is not necessary to hire buffoons to amuse the duller part of the company. The more distinguished people confine themselves principally to the boxes, holding a sort of levee

* This theatre is not at present used for dramatic purposes.

to receive their friends, who may pay their respects masked or unmasked, as it best pleases them. The area, or pit, is filled by a more lively set, who dance, promenade, or tease each other in a shrill, feigned, masquerading voice. You are not suffocated with bonbons, and the people are of a more respectable class; otherwise the whole scene is little more than a repetition of what has been described as taking place in the Corso.

There is not so much humour to be seen on the first day of the carnival as afterwards. Carriages and walkers throng in great numbers, but very few masks make their appearance. Foreigners of all nations then come merely as spectators, to take a lesson in the part they are to play on the succeeding days, and learn *how to do carnival*. On all other occasions it goes on increasing in liveliness, and the two great displays of fun are, *Giovedì Grasso*, Thursday in the middle of the festival, and Shrove Tuesday, which is at the end of it.

About the middle of the carnival the pope publishes a notice or regulation, which is stuck about the streets like a play-bill, declaring the manner in which Lent is to be observed, when they are to eat meat, when to fast, and what religious observances will ensure a certain degree of indulgence. The sight of this unwelcome edict seems to have the same effect upon the Romans as the display of a skeleton in the midst of a feast had upon the ancient Egyptians, admonishing them to make the most of life while pleasure was still in their power. No contrivance is spared to make gaiety succeed to gaiety during the last two days of the carnival. After the religious duties of Sunday are over, there are the theatres and the opera, and, as these are concluded by about midnight, at one in the morning a masked ball begins, which lasts till dawn. On Tuesday, at ten o'clock, there is a morning performance at the opera, daylight being shut out, and the lamps lighted. One feels that it is almost like an impure debauch to leave the beautiful Italian sunshine, and shut oneself up in a close dingy theatre. But the Romans do it with great delight, and show still greater delight in leaving it. "Ah che bello lume! What beautiful sunshine!" they exclaim on coming out, saluting each other as if the day had suddenly dawned in the night time. "Buon giorno, ben levato, ben alzato: good morning, how d'ye do? good morrow," pass about from mouth to mouth. After the theatre, there is the Corso and the horse-race; after the race comes the illumination, which I will describe by and by, and the whole ends with a masked ball, from which the company are turned out at eleven at night, to prepare for Ash Wednesday. And on Ash Wednesday you may walk through the streets of this strange inconsistent Rome and find every thing so quiet, grave, orderly, and sober, that you ask yourself whether the carnival is not a dream and an imagination, rather than the recollection of a thing which actually has been.

The carnival of Rome is a fête whose character is national rather than popular. It comprises all ranks, and softens all distinctions. It is true that the majority of masks are persons of the middle and lower classes, but the nobility, and even the ecclesiastics, are there also, to grace by their presence, and to assist the observance of good order. And from the circumstance of its being a national rejoicing,

and of such a nation as Rome, there also arises a certain dignity and grandeur very imposing to a stranger. The best troops are employed, in their best regimentals;* good military bands parade the town, and are stationed in different parts of the Corso; and every movement of the day, such as clearing out the carriages, the preparations for the race, and the readmission of carriages, are all regulated by the sound of cannon. The horses start from the foot of that obelisk, more than three thousand years old, which Augustus Cæsar brought from Egypt, and dedicated to the sun: and they stop close by the Capitol. After the race, the winning horse is actually led off to the Capitol, attended by drums, the banner he has won, and a detachment of soldiers, on the outskirts of that very Via Sacra through which passed the triumphs of so many victorious heroes of ancient Rome. The conduct of the people too shows that they know how to respect themselves. Never once, during the whole eight days, did I witness, or hear of, a single case of indecency, insult, drunkenness, or pocket-picking among the masks—an astonishing instance of good behaviour, if we consider how many thousands are congregated on each day. The governments of Rome and Naples have lately been nervous about the carnival, fearing political disturbances, but I think without sufficient grounds, as the people are too much intent upon pursuing their own whims to pay attention to more serious matters.

To this fête the Romans look forward from one end of the year to the other. It is this, and one or two other such festivals, which reconcile them to the espionage of the priests,† and the burdens imposed by an impoverished and overgrown hierarchy; and it may be that it is such seasons of general relaxation and enjoyment which diffuse among the Roman poor a happiness, a content, and a good feeling, which is certainly not to be found among the labouring classes in England.

Few sights can be prettier or more elegant than the illumination, which concludes all things, and takes place on the last evening of the carnival. Immediately that the race is ended, which is about five or ten minutes after sunset, the cannons fire, to give notice that carriages may again enter the Corso. In a very short

* It must, however, be confessed that bad are the best, both troops and regimentals. It would be difficult to find in all Europe a more unwashed, unshaven, undrilled, ill-matched, and insubordinate set of soi-disant soldiers than the papal army. To give one trait:—The inferior officers and private soldiers associate together in perfect equality, and a man will not receive orders unless he be addressed by the title of "Signore, or Sir." The handful of Swiss, and the body guard, or *Guarda Nobile*, who are gentlemen and noblemen, are certainly superior to the rest; but then these latter are merely soldiers of parade, to adorn the ceremonial on days of state.

† Besides those ecclesiastics who reside in their colleges and convents, there are so many others dispersed about the city, that it would be difficult to point out, in the inhabited parts of Rome, a space of a hundred yards square where one of these gentlemen is not to be found. Each of them, in his little circle, is well acquainted with what passes both within doors and without. If a foreigner stands but five minutes in the streets in conversation with a native, he will soon find that a cocked-hat and a black gown are anxiously eaves-dropping. And *never* in Rome do you see Punch or a ballad-singer, or an extempore story-teller, without finding a priest attached to the group, who, *evidently*, both from look and attitude, is scenting after treason, not loitering for amusement.

space of time it is filled with its usual throng; but every person, whether in carriages, at the windows, in balconies, or on the foot pavement, holds in his hands two or three lighted tapers. The trial of skill is who can best put out the tapers of his neighbour, and keep his own lighted. Every method of extinguishing is considered fair. The common implement is a handkerchief tied to the end of a stick, or the bough of a tree; but the most amusing is a fan at the end of a very long cane like a fishing-rod, which is used by some one at a window, and which sweeps half across the street with fearful execution. The more candles people can put out, the greater is their satisfaction, and they taunt their victims with the continued cry of "Senza moccoli! Senza moccoli! Your candles are out! Your candles are out!" Of course when men are attacked they will defend themselves, and, therefore, some are provided with long reeds to ward off the offending handkerchiefs; others protect their lights by enclosing them in little paper lanterns at the end of a high stick; and others suspend little strings of candles from house to house, high up in the air, and far above the reach of any enemies.

Childish as this may seem, every thing is done and taken good-humouredly. The pelting ceases, and masks are laid aside, or turned to the back of the head, but every one appears in the fancy costume he had worn during the day. Here comes a waggon full of the heathen gods and goddesses, each with their respective emblems illuminated. Mercury has a taper at the end of his wand, Diana on her bow; Apollo's lyre is blazing with candles, and Jupiter's lightning really flashes fire. There stalks a man with a weathercock on the top of his hat, holding a flambeau at the end of a very long stick. A devil is making himself at home with his natural element, and the crowds of Swiss, Greek, and Italian peasant girls suffer from no scarcity of *sparks*.

As the sun is but just set when the illumination commences, its effect is at first scarcely visible. But softly and gradually the sky becomes of a deeper and a clearer blue, the stars peep out one by one from their azure hiding place, and the Corso shines and sparkles with the brilliancy of a fairy festival. The tapers that are used being very small, they do not give much light, though countless in number, but glitter and shine as if a shower of golden spangles had fallen from the sky. Nor is their brightness fixed and monotonous; the lights dance about like motes in the sunshine, and, as the carriages move up and down through the crowds of an eddying multitude, it would require but a slight stretch of fancy to imagine one saw the track of some magical ship over the waves of a luminous sea, or the passage of a cloud of fire-flies on their way to some happier abode.

D.

THE ROSE'S MESSAGE.

LADY, I come not now to deck
 That circlet on thy brow ;
 To worship, in my beauty's wreck,
 A thing so bright as thou.
 I come from one thou knowest well,
 Here at thy footstool, for his sake,
 A tale of mutual griefs to tell,
 And faults that, in confession, make
 That mission sad—which else would be
 A punishment too sweet for me.

Proud dreams, for earthly hearts unfit,
 Vengeance—the cup divine,
 Which is so sweet, that men with it
 Are drunken, as with wine.
 Scorn for the lowly ones around—
 Envy of every fairer thing—
 Hatred and jealousy profound—
 Deep love that brooks not rivalling—
 Weakness, that with our birth began—
 Or faults that we have learned of man.

Such are my crimes ; the tale is read,
 And pity none I seek—
 Though he who sent me hither said,
 Thy lips my doom should speak.
 Would'st give me life ? 'Twere mercy vain—
 My leaves, once heavy with sweet dew,
 Hang parch'd and faint—no sun again
 Shall in this wasted cheek renew—
 Yet listen, lady, I must plead
 For one whose hope has greater need.

I name him not. False tongues have shed
 Their venom on the word ;
 Soon by the distant and the dead
 Is this world's slight incurred.
 Yet he was once the child of fame,
 And loved thee, lady—loved thee when
 His 'scutcheon was unsoiled—his name
 Seemed fair upon the lips of men ;
 And the proud heart and stubborn knee
 Were never humbled, save to thee.

But this is altered—gone the light
 Of triumph from his brow ;
 The world's discarded favourite
 Has none to love him now.
 O think, when busy slanders creep
 Into thine ear, that men can lie ;
 And love, like his, so pure, so deep,
 Hearts, worthless else, can sanctify.
 Lady, he knows not grief or fear,
 If *thou* but hold the exile dear.

Let his soul's light wax faint and dim,
 Contempt his portion be,
 The world's worst hatred light on him—
 He has *no* world but thee.
 Ah! lady, turn not from this prayer,
 These withered hopes, this blighted name,
 For though ambition's dreams despair,
 And scorn succeeds to man's acclaim,
 And every hope, save one, is o'er,
 That heart is but thine own the more.

W. H. S.

HALF HOURS

No. II.

NEVER trust yourself with the man who says he is only come to spend half an hour with you, unless you have on hand a superfluity of time and patience, or unless you are quite sure of your man as a regular Stock Exchange goer, who sets his watch by St. Dunstan's! Few besides know what half an hour means. A mere idler may now and then labour under an uncommon distress of doubting the acceptableness of his company, and if you have reason to believe he really likes yours, and is only out foraging for amusement, you may possibly be safe in giving him credit for singleness of purpose in his adoption of the above beguiling announcement. If you are on a diet of idleness and the day be not too sultry, well and good, let him come in, only bear in mind, lest it should become rainy, that Ripa's personification of beauty—a lady with her head hidden in a cloud, signifying the diversity of opinions upon that mysterious gift—is not more vague than is such a person's notion of the length and breadth of half an hour.

But when a timid *single knock*, or a consequentially accented double one, a shrewd-looking stranger, a *soi-disant* "relation from the country," whose name you never heard before, or can with difficulty recollect, any manner of man with an old-fashioned hat, or with an old umbrella under suspicion of taking care of a new one, any known "poor man," or any unknown person "on particular business" stipulates for your half hour—the more indirectly, the more to be distrusted—be sure you take a glance at the balance side of your banker's account, and turn your eye over your memorandums of patronage, before settling him in a chair, for you may rely on having to grapple with a knowing and stedfast negotiator for some other of your possessions, more accurately computed, perhaps, than your time, and which you may fancy you have under better security, but which may, nevertheless, be more *tangible*, and, both in your eyes and his, at least *equally valuable*. My last half hour,—nay, my last three half hours, have been wiled from me through a species of mendicancy which has of late become alarmingly common in this metropolis—not to mention other parts—and which wins its way under disguises as various and surprising as the metamorphoses of Grimaldi in a pantomime, which we in London usually sit prepared for—would I

could boast of having better profited by the preparation experience brings! Doubtless many of your readers, Mr. Editor, may have had similar experience, and may have employed it more wisely—but notwithstanding the seven-league-capacity of modern pedestrianism, and the facilities afforded by steam, there may possibly be various sequestered nooks in the united kingdom which have not yet been put under contribution by the new Tzigany tribe who “rave, recite, and madden round the land,” particularly in the remoter parts of the north, which Scotchmen of the *caste* alluded to are remarkable for travelling away from, and if I can condense the narration of my recent adventures within the prescribed limits, and afford timely warning to *one* unadvised patron of the march of intellect, not to admit indiscriminately all men and parcels purporting to be *literary*, I shall not have to weep with the Roman emperor for having lost a day, though I have lost *more* than half hours!

A smart double knock—too late for the postman, and too early for any legal visitor, disturbed the serenity of my breakfast-table, and I rung hastily to prevent intrusion—for my niece and her young friend Laura, having been late at a ball, were indulging under certain toilette negligences which would only be excusable in the presence of an uncle and a guardian. There was no mirror in the room, save one of hideous convexity, and no escape out of it for *them*—and, for myself, I hold with the ingenious author of “*La Medicine de l’Esprit*” that those who value domestic harmony, and would preserve the moral equilibrium unimpaired, should never permit being disturbed at meals. My orders on this hand were express; but I knew old Benjamin, like his master, to be sterner in purpose than in action, and he had of late so frequently been won over to transgress my laws of exclusion at such times, an extra emphasis on the bell-pull was both natural and advisable under existing circumstances, as well to remind him of his duty as to spirit him up to the defensive. A lengthened hall-parley ensued, parts of which we distinctly caught, consisting of expostulation from the stranger, and repulse on the part of my liege Dromio, in his best got-up gruff tones—“I am quite confident”—“literary name”—“honour”—“happiness”—“half an hour,”—assailed our aural nerves from the one; clear, brisk, rapid,—any thing in the world but supplicatory—he might be a dun, but it would be highly imaginative through any door to figure such accents issuing from a beggar! “Impossible”—“positive orders”—“late last night”—“bad headache this morning”—“as much as my place is worth, Sir, I can assure you”—blurted out at intervals from the other. Nevertheless, I perceived plainly the enemy was gaining upon us, and knew that this prolonged hearing boded no good—for Benjamin, still too like his employer, had not the gift of withstanding perseverance—so I rang a second time, still more significantly than before. “A gentleman in black, Sir,” said Benjamin, with a hesitating air of conscious delinquency, “begs to speak to you on particular business—he would not detain you half an hour—I told him you could admit nobody at present, but he will wait your time—he has brought a book.” “Did you not tell him I was at breakfast?” interrupted I (now thoroughly alarmed) in tones intended to carry further than the room we were

in, and conceiving this intimation to be as authoritative as the issue of a papal bull. "Yes, Sir, I told him you were at breakfast—but he says he is going away to foreign parts, and is mightily hurried. He said at last, poor man! if you would but see him for five minutes." "Not five moments!" cried I, testily and valorously—"unless I knew his name and errand previously, I added after a pause, somewhat intimidated by the rising disorder in the biliary, and danger to the digestive organs I was becoming sensible of, and moreover rather ashamed of the *audibleness* of my vehemence, into which I am not wont to be betrayed. "He says, Sir, his name is a very *literal* one—and he has a great heap of names to show you in the superscription to his book—and he mentioned pitickererly one General Phil something, a gentleman as you know well, and who he knows would recommend him to you at a word. But to my thinking, Sir, he is a poor clergyman, for he spoke a deal about divinity, and the heathen; and about wrangling with St. John at Cambridge, which may be the means of his being so out of plight now. Truly he looks like a nine days' fast Sir!" My niece and her companion tittered; but I was stricken with the rueful sincerity of old Benjamin's compassionate looks, who had become a sort of barometer to me—and with a secret consciousness, despite of Monsieur Camus, that a man indulging in the luxuries of a well-appointed breakfast-table, ought the rather in such circumstances to open his heart to appeals of benevolence, and so, if this should be an unfortunate clergyman! how could I excuse myself for denying him at least a fair hearing?" "Well! request the favour of the gentleman to send in his name,"—my old infirmity of patronising letters kindling fast within me in conjunction with my natural sympathies, and my respect for the cloth. But I had not the remotest thought of disconcerting female nicety by subjecting my *négligé* young friends to the intrusion of a stranger, by just then and there inviting him into the presence, when to my astonishment, close upon the heels of old Benjamin with his announcement as "the Rev. Mr. Carpenter," stalked into the room a colossal personage arrayed in rusty and dusty black, in gait not much happier than Dominie Sampson, but possessed of colloquial fluency that might have endowed a whole college of Dominies, who with a perfectly self-satisfied air, though begging pardon for intrusion, literally talked me dumb ere I had rallied a misty recollection of having somewhere in the world before seen that remarkable assortment of hard-carved features, and listened to those peculiarly accentuated provincial tones, in connection, too, with the *very name* my servant had given in! Yet there was an equivocal in this latter reminiscence of affinity which at first increased my perplexity, but which speedily tended to my complete illumination.

Certain *set* terms and phrases—of a less *original* cast, however, than the countenance and character of the speaker, were duly reiterated in each clause of his voluminous harangue, reminding me of the worthy Wakefield Vicar's cosmogony-man, and these were "talented persons,"—"gifted minds," "general philanthropy" (my imputed friend), "grasp of intellect," "calibre of genius," and "spread of knowledge,"—but I could give the reader only a very faint out-

line in half an hour of the various regions he travelled over in description, whilst I was standing mute and stock still (having risen at his entrance in compliment to *the Reverend* —, and continuing the same posture through an instinctive adoption of a certain well-known *ruse* of courtesy, which precludes offence by putting you on a footing with the visitor you do not incline to seat yourself beside). General philanthropy had alone prompted him to undertake the *arduous* campaign in "regions of moral darkness," of which part of his rapid narration gave me an account, and whence he had recently returned: and he was anxious to go forth again "under the same banner." But it came out in the sequel that the general's troops were not so well paid as might have been expected. For after having laid claim to the highest honours adjudged to conquerors in the Christian warfare, detailed the judicious arrangements he had made towards re-organizing the church militant in America, professed an apostle's zeal and a martyr's constancy, and, in short, panoramed the world before me in the enumeration of his various "grasp of intellect" exploits, performed and projected,—my high-sounding orator concluded with requesting me to buy his book, price six shillings. I looked at the table of contents. The first article was "True Religion Defined and Simplified." The second, "On Indiscreet Zeal." The third was entitled "Dumb Dogs." The fourth, "A Geographical Survey of the Millennial Kingdom." But here I must stop. I would not by proceeding hazard the possibility of ministering to their licentiousness who dare to speak or think lightly concerning holy mysteries. I had seen and heard enough, however, for the prudent guardianship of my purse and patronage; and I returned the volume to the owner, saying that I never purchased books, especially on religious topics, unless they were *recommended by my knowledge of the writer*. Here an equivoque escaped on my part which would have made his ears tingle had they been capable of tingling, and he under any apprehension of its being intentional. "Have you read my title page?" enquired he briskly. "You will there see a name, Sir, tolerably well accredited in the world of letters. I might have had professorships as I have had prizes, both in foreign and in native universities, in logic, in metaphysics, in mathematics. But I have renounced all worldly honours that might limit my sphere of usefulness! A taste for travel, and a facility in acquiring languages, co-operate with my ardent love of mankind, and the diffusion of light and truth amongst the benighted nations is the glorious object of my loftiest ambition, and which far outweighs any considerations that are merely personal. But travel cannot be prosecuted without expenses. While we are in the body the sustenance of this corporeal frame must be cared for, and the labourer is worthy of his hire. The pecuniary profits of this little book are destined to a purpose commensurate with the importance of its contents. They are intended to equip me for another journey in the *same cause*. To a gentleman of your condition and benevolent aspect, the price can be but of small consideration, and without dispute the things therein contained are worth its weight in purest gold, a thousand times computed." The Dominie's attenuated longitude and wan visage contrasted wofully

with the lofty character of his apparent mental hallucination, and with his imperturbable self-conceit, and, though I had long ere this stage of our interview penetrated his incognito, I had not nerve to proclaim my discovery manfully; so I contented myself with affirming that I really could not afford to lay out six shillings on the purchase of his book, and was on the point of motioning him to the door, when he proved himself to be perfectly ready to meet this objection, by pulling out of the dexter pocket of his forlorn-looking outer garment, a smaller brochure, "a sample of the first," price only one shilling, which I might peruse till he did himself the pleasure to call again, and return if not approved of—but of so mortifying a result he would not allow himself to entertain the slightest apprehension. As I was by no means desirous of *his* return, and was only anxious to get rid of him quietly, I readily entered into one part of this compromise, but paid him the shilling on the spot, and told him I was going out of town; and to show my respect I accompanied him myself to the street door:—a quick bow and exit! But my attention in this particular, which I own was not purely disinterested, nor, as the sequel will prove, without good reason, brought me within reach of a new petitioner, the Scylla I had *not* escaped threw me upon Charybdis. A wretched-looking youth, with famine and diffidence in his eye, and hectic on his cheek, another "wanderer of the world of letters," was lying in wait, and came forward at the opening of the door as the other retreated. He presented a parcel neatly folded and directed to my address; sealed too with a laurelled lyre. I knew it was a book! yet, notwithstanding my recent encounter, I had not the heart to refuse it—a wistful wild look from a pair of beautifully mournful eyes, and a few muttered sounds of indistinct supplication, and the unfortunate vanished. I returned to the girls, and proceeded to the opening of my parcel, without one yearning after my unfinished breakfast, so much had I been affected by the legible misery and despair imprinted upon the haunting countenance of the spectre who presented it. A slip of paper first attracted my attention, on which was written in a delicate clear hand, "The unhappy man who offers this book for sale entreats your candid perusal of it. A wife and six children are dependent on his literary efforts for support. (Unhappy they! thought I. But surely this stripling cannot be the husband and the father?) If you think it worthy, the price, half a crown, may not materially inconvenience you to part with, and would be most gratefully received. If otherwise, the applicant only begs that the book may be returned unsoiled, and will call again to-morrow." It was signed James M'——. We found what the ladies call some really sweet poems, which in the days of Herrick would have immortalised their author—moral, sentimental, amatory, all bearing marks of taste, and refined cultivation; and their perusal, interspersed with reflections on the prevailing mania which beguiles so many juvenile aspirants to abandon bread-winning handicrafts for the ungrateful service of the nymphs of Helicon, who are notorious for never giving board-wages, had quite obliterated the *Dominie*, and our preceding flutter. The girls were each in imagination cutting out frocks and petticoats for the six children

aforesaid, and I was meditating to astonish poor James when he "returned," by "making his half crown a pound," when old Benjamin, who had been some time withdrawn with the breakfast equipage, re-entered, consternation staring on his lack-lustre visage, and informed us that three silver forks, and a salver of no mean dimensions, of the same material, which he recollected too late, were on a distant table in the hall whilst he was pleading within the breakfast-room for the Rev. Mr. Carpenter,—were gone! gone irrecoverably, "for they were not to be found in all the house."

The poor Hectic had not crossed the threshold, and I could have no doubts respecting the purloiner. The *soi-disant* Rev. Mr. Carpenter was in fact the *son of a carpenter*, of a person truly respectable in his own character and condition, who in my boyhood had been frequently employed about my father's country mansion, and he himself had been articled to the same trade. My change of name and abode on succeeding to the property of a distant relative, and probably the ravages of time on my outward man, had, I believe, effectually sheltered me from his recognition, and borne him through our late interview with a perfect unconsciousness of the peril of detection and exposure into which he had run himself; but through what quirk of fancy, or of *metaphysical* subtlety he had been tempted to the adoption of an *alias* the most likely in the world to betray him into such consequences, I leave to abler casuists than myself to determine. Possibly, being "a lover of truth" by profession, he was led to it by some notion of a compromise with conscience, John Carpenter being a legitimate enough abbreviation of John the carpenter. His real name was Hood (what changes might here be rung upon it in wittier hands!) He was considered a remarkably clever boy; and he had been the best learner in the best school his native village afforded; but he was of a turbulent and intractable temper. His genius could not brook restraints, much less the ignominy of the plane and rule—so his poor father, yielding to his vehement importunity, liberated him from his indentures, and with infinite toil and difficulty, procured means to get him equipped and admitted as a servitor at Cambridge—each, though in a different degree, buoyed up with hopes that his talents, transplanted to a more congenial soil, would germinate to future distinction. After the lapse of a few years he came back to his native village, well qualified to be a senior wrangler there, for he had been dismissed from his college with ignominy, and under suspicions which, if proved, would have entitled him to the eminence of the gallows. But he had a plausible tongue, which the schools had not failed to improve, and a powerful arm wherewith to defend his logic; and he soon stood unrivalled as a village orator, and unquestioned as an enlightened champion of plebeian rights; until his too forward zeal on the occasion of a seditious mob-rising once more brought him within the perils of legal investigation, which he evaded by disappearing from the scene of action. I saw him next in the character of an itinerant methodist preacher, and subsequently learnt that he had gone abroad on a self-appointed "mission to the heathen." All these traits rising upon my recollection sufficiently accounted for my cautious civility in attend-

ing him to the door, and for my missing plate; but my wonder was reserved for the perusal of his pamphlet, which might have deceived a saint by its tone of earnest piety, and ninety-nine out of any hundred of *belles-lettres* critics by the confident flow of its eloquence, and the glitter of its metaphorical illustrations. I have mentioned *handicrafts*—here was fine writing (which I had been wont to reverence) brought down to their level as an art, and infinitely beneath them as an honest calling! and “powers of mind” (my almost tutelary divinities) prostituted in the service of the powers of darkness! “The disenchanted *pen* lost all its charm.” An illustration of “you might have knocked me down with a feather” came over me. Here was a carpenter, mob-leader, fork-stealer, outrivalling my best verbiage, and “rushing in” where “angels dare not tread,” with the unction and familiar handling of an adept.

“I flung down the mortifying document with indignant disgust (but I shall treasure it carefully nevertheless, both as a *curiosity* in its kind, and as an antidote against pride of intellect), and we turned again to the pages of our unfortunate poet. Grace, harmony, tenderness—the hues of the rainbow, and the softness of the summer shower, were all here. If there was no development of powerful genius, there was perfect elegance; and, if no traits of originality, a delicate perception of the beautiful and the just disclosed the aurora of a superiorly gifted youthful mind. Alas! I thought, how little likely to struggle through the clouds of adverse fortune to that bright meridian which was doubtless prefigured to the fond enthusiast, while ranging in their earlier emanations these elements of pure thought! My young companions wept over his pages, and not fifteen years back I could have wept outward as well as inward tears too.

Another knock at the door. Figure if you can our revulsion of feeling from tenderness to horror. Officers of justice were in pursuit of him. He had committed a peculiarly base and extensive forgery, of which the proofs were in their hands. *O tempora! O mores!*

The above instances are facts—both in their leading features, and in their connections.

Z.

LINES WRITTEN WHEN LOOKING ON WARWICK CASTLE.

Thou stately pile, could thy gray walls unfold
 Tales of earlier days, of ages past,
 Hand down thy records of doings old,
 Since thy bold front first smiled upon the blast,
 Then could'st thou tell of maidens dazzling bright,
 Of palfreys swift, and pages gay,
 Of lady's hand bestowed on gallant knight,
 By valour won in the deadly fray,—
 Thou'dst tell of thy stout earl's defying power,
 Whose lion heart struck terror to his foes,—
 Of noble blood that flowed for England's crown,
 When the yell of war was blended with the rose.
 Thou hast seen ambition's reckless flight,
 Men's lofty climbings and dishonourable falls,
 Dark treason bud, bloom, and sudden blight,
 And proud hearts moulder 'neath thy old gray walls.

THE BAWN VONE.

(Concluded from page 136.)

IN the centre of the town where our hero was located there had been erected, some years before, what was properly termed a market-house, a lofty, commodious building, of an oblong shape, to which resorted upon stated or market-days the surrounding farmers or their wives, with the produce of their industry. A country town has seldom many attractive features, but, on a market-day, the dullest becomes interesting. On such an occasion we see the best specimens of our country-people—snug farmers, with immense jock-coats, alike intended for resisting wet and *keeping out the sun*; the dress, however, somewhat lightened in its effect by the light corduroy small-clothes and gray stockings, displaying the well-proportioned legs—the women, with bright scarlet mantles, sometimes clasped with a silver buckle, and a *real* silk handkerchief drawn over the head and tightened under the chin, yet not so as to hide the cap-border of thread-lace, when thread-lace cost as much by the yard as would now load a pedlar's back with the production of the looms of Nottingham. Then the anxiety to dispose of the sacks of meal, or potatoes, or butter, or eggs, or yarn, in order to go shopping through the town, and complete all necessary purchases before dark, with the usual chorus of beggars and ballad-singers, who find also their best market on the occasion, presents altogether a scene of bustle and vivacity which makes the market-day to be looked forward to as something to relieve the monotony of country-town life.

It was upon such a day that, as the "neighbours" were flocking in with their different commodities, a creature of miserable aspect was seen squatted in the centre of one of the principal entrances of the market-house—the simplicity of the times rendered gates or doors unnecessary for such a place. An idiot, or, in the language more generally applied, a fool, was an object of such frequent appearance that such a creature never excited a stronger feeling than that of compassion—one whose claims upon charity were unquestionable. But upon the present occasion there was every thing in the aspect of the unknown to cause alarm and disgust. A wretched remnant of a cloak was sufficient to wrap up the miserable little figure, which was that of a female, to whom other causes rather than that of years gave the stamp of advanced life. The hair, which was a grisly black, almost hid the face, and, being matted with the rain, conveyed a miserable chill to the beholder. The eyes literally glared with insanity, and the whole look was that as of one deprived suddenly of reason and totally paralyzed by some horrible spectacle. This feeling was considerably strengthened by the ceaseless gibbering of the wretch, who, rocking herself backward and forward, repeated the same sounds, and which perhaps the fancy, coming to the aid of the sensation first caused, interpreted into something of which the word murder formed as it were the burden. She was invoked, after every

possible manner, to explain or give some account of herself. Threatened or coaxed, it made no impression. The creature still muttered the same gibberish. She was offered charity, but touched it not—food, she did not taste it. Conjecture deepened into superstition. But it is only when the cause has disappeared, and after the lapse of time, that superstition can seize upon the legendary tale. That day little business was done in the market house. Crowds succeeded crowds, all gaping at the sudden spectacle, which seemed to have dropped from the clouds, or to have arisen from the earth, for none could tell where it had come from, how it had entered, and how, of all places in the world, it had been found there. As night approached, the lady whom we have almost lost sight of, the Bawn Vone, who had heard of the circumstance, determined to visit the poor being. Even to her commanding yet gentle accents nothing could be accorded. She determined to take her under her own care, and ordered two stout hearty fellows whom she knew “adored the ground she walked upon” to raise up the poor unfortunate. After an expression of that disposition to swear, implied in a *bedad* or two, that “they feared she’d bite the nose off them,” and after making the sign of the cross, an attempt was made to obey the injunction. The two boys, with that blended feeling of mirth and compassion which the Irish peasant knows how to mix together in his own odd way, stooped down, and each crossing his arms in such a fashion as that the right hand of the one met the left of the other, and *vice versa*, commenced gently to raise the poor object, singing together—

“Give me a pin to stick in my thumb,
To carry my lady to London.”

But no sooner had they attempted to put their well-meant kindness into effect than the low-muttered gibberish arose into the most discordant shrieks, still retaining the same mysterious form of language. They were obliged to lay her down again, exclaiming, “The Lord preserve us; we can make no hand of you. How could we mean ye any harm avich, and the Bawn Vone herself watching over ye.”

The shrieks continued, and they were leaving her in despair, when the Bawn Vone declared that at all events the creature should be sheltered from the cold of the night, and, what was the utmost she could do, had her forced into the corner of the building, where clean straw was provided for her, with some covering and food; the latter she did not taste, but, upon returning however at morning, it was observed to have disappeared. Some few nights after the idiot had been so lodged, Henry Lacy was returning home from a party. It was one of those nights which you do not know whether to call wet or fine. Dark masses of clouds swept across the sky, occasionally obscuring it, and sending down a swift smart shower, which, passing away, the moon shone out, unless, another mass coming on, she was either partially or entirely hid. As Lacy was passing by the market-house, the rain came down heavily, and he struck into it for shelter. The idiot within was roused, and made use of the same sounds which were now thought to indicate a share in some terrible transaction. Our hero, when abroad, had been engaged in an affair of honour, the result of which, although not to blame in the transaction,

was yet such as to have left after it a gloomy feeling which it was not well to disturb.

At this moment he had entered rather with the disposition which a tipsy man feels for an idle or mischievous frolic. He approached the creature. As he did so she literally screamed. He d—d her. "Did she think he was going to eat her?" The moon did not shine in, but there broke through the clouds a dim uncertain light, sufficient to show the spitting devilish lips, and the demoniac eye. The half-drunken man fancied the illusion were to himself. 'Twas a devil sent to mock him, to reproach him for his past misfortune, his murder. The vivacity of his spirits were not subdued; they unfortunately took another direction. Is there a time when there may be a sympathy with madness? Was he moon struck? He seized a heavy stone and hurled it at the head of the idiot. There was a sudden darkness, and no sound. The devil was roused within him, and he kicked at the unyielding mass, which lay rolled up in the dark corner. The light suddenly streamed in—there was Lacy, looking downward, as if rather with curiosity than horror, the eyes of the idiot meeting his, yet in the glassiness of death; the mouth fixed into the expression which was habitual to it; the head streaming with blood, in which the locks were dabbled; while his own shoes, stockings, and trowsers, bore terrible evidence of who was the MURDERER OF THE IDIOT.

PART II.

Let us return to the Bawn Vone.

Surrounded with her daughter and grandchildren,—the latter have already been glanced at—the former I shall merely introduce as a cheerful matronly lady, the charm of her domestic circle; the father, a good man too, has not perhaps yet returned from the day's sports, and the parlour therefore simply presents the female group, composed indeed of fair specimens of woman, from infant archness and simplicity through womanly grace up to mild yet active beneficent old age. It is an evening in the latter end of October; there is a low wailing wind without, like a pensive lament for the passing autumn; the fire burns cheerily within, shedding a glow of comfort, and yet in all that blithesome family there is no disposition for mirth. They were at tea, too—the most social of domestic festivities—and yet the children *crouded* together and whispered; the titter was suppressed almost at the moment of its involuntary outbreak, and the *chuchuments* alone disturbed the almost solemn silence that reigned around.

The Bawn Vone had announced her intention of going abroad unaccompanied. She did so in a way which forbade all remonstrance. It was evident that her mind was made up for no uncommon object. The family were used to remain in ignorance of the motive of her resolves until the period of their complete fulfilment. They dare not stop or question her when bent upon a secret expedition of mercy. The old lady manifested that her mind was working and uneasy, by her frequent recourse to the snuff-box, by the hastiness with which she

sipped the beverage "that cheers;" but yet the spirit of determined will shone through all such impatience.

Wrapping her cloak firmly about her, and rejecting all aid, as if she feared there was something of betrayal of intention in mere contact, she took her golden-headed walking-stick; but ere her majestic figure disappeared from the eyes of the inquisitive rather than wondering group, she pronounced her usual solemn benediction, "May God bless you all, and, with his blessing, I hope soon to return."

Winding her way down the long avenue which fronted the old fashioned dwelling-house, she often had to stop and prop herself as she encountered the sudden gust. As her gray hair escaped and her noble countenance was for the moment displayed, one might almost fancy that the old trees bent down their heads in homage to the oldest of her house.

On arriving at the high road which bordered on the avenue, there might be observed a countryman attired in a loose jock coat, with a whip under his arm, blowing at his fingers and beating his hands against his sides. "Och then it is mortal cowl, Father Flannery. Is the dhrop all gone?"

"Patience, Mickey Brien, you that people call daicent Mickey Brien, for no other raison, that I can see, but because you have a daicent slip of a wife to keep you out of harm's way—but, daicent or not, you shall not make a baste of yourself, and the Bawn Vone depending on you for a sarvice."

The voice proceeded from our old friend the friar, who, ensconced in a low car, to which his favourite ass was harnessed, was partially concealed by the shade of the trees and the wall.

"Why then, Father," says the daicent one, "you never were considered a bad fellow at the bottle, either to share or to take it. Howsomdever, as you have your own raisons for denying me the sup this cowl night, I must only put up with them, although I doant know what they are, and may be you'd be afther telling them to a body."

"Be whisht, Mick, you are as curious as a woman."

"Och, aye, sour grapes. You're always a running down the women and their curiosity."

"Me! I neither meddle nor make with them. I am married, you know, long ago to holy mother church."

"Faix, then, may be your mother, as you call her, may sue for a divorce, on the score of relationship."

"By my soul, Mickey, I'll tell the wife on you."

"Tell her what ye likes."

And Mickey whistled a tune with an air of the most provoking independence, during which he thought he heard a smack of the lips and a certain deep drawing of the breath, very like that which a man gives in acknowledgment of the satisfaction he inhales from the potency of a cordial.

"By my sowl," says Mickey, "that's stronger than wather, and better too, or may I be made a bishop."

"If you prayed that for me," replied the friar, "I'd give you a charm better than holy wather itself against the cowl and the blue devils."

"Och then may ye be made an archbishop, or the pope itself—and that's all the harm I wish you."

The friar held the bottle to the mouth of Mickey Brien. The ass cocked his ears as if he thought something was going on in which he ought to have a share. Suddenly the bottle is pulled from his mouth, which indeed seemed to fasten to it with the eagerness of a hungry infant, and the Bawn Vone stands before the somewhat dis-comforted pair.

"Mr. Flannery, I should not have expected that upon this solemn occasion you would be rendering our friend incapable of performing the task which lies before us."

Mickey Brien was incapable of making any excuse, as "the *dhrop* having gone against his breath" threw him into a fit of coughing.

The friar's reply was brisk, the lady's anger short-lived, and they all proceeded. As the car was drawn into the middle of the road it might be seen that there were twists of hay coiled about the wheels in such a way as to dull their noise, while the friar appeared to be sitting upon something of a box-like shape, and which, although much care was taken with the disguise, looked like—what it really was—a coffin.

They struck down a long narrow street, and as they arrived at a somewhat respectable-looking house the lady stopped.]

"Mr. Flannery," says she, addressing the friar, "you and Brien can proceed; ye can take shelter in the market-house, and wait for me, I shall only have a quarter of an hour's delay."

This proposal was received with a shudder.

"Not there, not there," exclaimed the friar, "not that *I* fear—he trembled from top to toe—but Brien, you know"—

"Father, be aisey—you fear yourself as much as Brien, and small blame to ye. Christ save us! Shure the sperrit of the murdered innocent haunts at night that fearful place. No one can pass it now. The beggar, without house, or home, or shelter, cannot lay down his *wad* in that place as of ould. And then the creather is seen, the same as in life, rockin to and fro, and crying murther in an unknown tongue, with the blood on her face and on the stones.—It would have been betther to have kilt a rigimin of men and women, or a whole *faction* off the face o'the earth that could speak and defend themselves, than that poor innocent whom God gave 'specially for protection and charity."

Brien had worked himself up to a state of excitement which was almost ungovernable.

The friar, his eyes dilating as his companion ran on, was in a glow—the perspiration teemed from his forehead.

"I honour your feelings," spoke the venerable lady, who alone, while sharing the indignation and horror, retained her self-possession, "but blame your superstitious fears, they are unmanly; and, Mr. Flannery, you, who ought to have more sense, from your education and calling, should reprove them."

"Tell you the truth, Ma'am, I believe there are some superstitions so nathural that they are badly paid for by the best knowledge."

"Indeed, Mr. Flannery, I fear so.—Let us pass on."

They could not avoid passing the market-house; and, although she should return and then again pass back alone, she saw that her own sustaining spirit was necessary to her male companions. As they approached the place, instead of pausing, they hurried by rapidly and in silence; the teeth were clenched, the breath retained. While, as the wind swept through the building, empty and open at all sides, voices might be heard as of the converse of troubled spirits. The scene of horror passed, the male portion of the company drew up and made the sign of the cross; while, despite of entreaty, the old lady returned back to the house above noticed, leaving her companions in anxious expectation of her soon rejoining them.

If there were any danger to her from the invisible inhabitants of another world, the hearty and fervent prayers which accompanied her footsteps would have shielded her from their malevolence.

She entered what was once the house of the ill-fated James Lacy. As might have been foreseen by the discerning reader, he paid the penalty of his crime upon the gallows, unfelt for, unsympathised with. His crime was regarded as something devilish. To his body was denied the rites of Christian burial—he was hung in chains upon a gibbet; and lest humanity, or fear, or any other motive might prompt his removal, a heavy penalty was affixed upon whoever should be the means of honouring the murderer of the idiot with the last sad rites of humanity.

And there the black object, swathed in its pitchy dress, mummy-like, creaked, and creaked, and creaked. As the wind turned it upon the pivot to which it was suspended, one might fancy a demon of the air turning it and looking at it with a feeling of grinning curiosity. The country people crossed the distant fields to avoid the sight, and females who were obliged to take the high road left home at early morning, lest the night might surprise them on their return home in the neighbourhood of the object that spoke from its very bones.

To the neglected widow of this unfortunate man was the visit now paid. The poor creature lay undressed in bed, while Aileen, the good-natured feeling girl, rocking an infant to sleep, listened to her as she read from the Bible. How truly did she seek the waters of consolation. And, deep as was her sorrow, it was not marked by that wild abandonment as of one in despair, and sorrowing without hope.

"This is so good, Mrs. H——, at such an hour too," and the poor woman burst into tears.

"I come to make a request, which you must grant me, that is, that you will rouse yourself—you and Aileen. She can wrap the child up warmly, and step up to the house. I have to make a call to a neighbour, and shall not return for an hour after you. I shall then have something *particular* to say to you.—Now don't deny me."

"I could not deny you any thing—you who visited me in my affliction, who alone visited my husband in his cell and softened his last moments, who would have saved from insult"—

Here she was getting into a paroxysm of grief.

"Well, well, we shall speak some other time of that."

"Oh, dear Mrs. H——, 'tis Aileen alone prevents me keeping

"Och then may ye be made an archbishop, or the pope itself—and that's all the harm I wish you."

The friar held the bottle to the mouth of Mickey Brien. The ass cocked his ears as if he thought something was going on in which he ought to have a share. Suddenly the bottle is pulled from his mouth, which indeed seemed to fasten to it with the eagerness of a hungry infant, and the Bawn Vone stands before the somewhat dis-comforted pair.

"Mr. Flannery, I should not have expected that upon this solemn occasion you would be rendering our friend incapable of performing the task which lies before us."

Mickey Brien was incapable of making any excuse, as "the *dhrop* having gone against his breath" threw him into a fit of coughing.

The friar's reply was brisk, the lady's anger short-lived, and they all proceeded. As the car was drawn into the middle of the road it might be seen that there were twists of hay coiled about the wheels in such a way as to dull their noise, while the friar appeared to be sitting upon something of a box-like shape, and which, although much care was taken with the disguise, looked like—what it really was—a coffin.

They struck down a long narrow street, and as they arrived at a somewhat respectable-looking house the lady stopped.

"Mr. Flannery," says she, addressing the friar, "you and Brien can proceed; ye can take shelter in the market-house, and wait for me, I shall only have a quarter of an hour's delay."

This proposal was received with a shudder.

"Not there, not there," exclaimed the friar, "not that *I* fear—(he trembled from top to toe)—but Brien, you know"—

"Father, be aisey—you fear yourself as much as Brien, and small blame to ye. Christ save us! Shure the sperrit of the murdered innocent haunts at night that fearful place. No one can pass it now. The beggar, without house, or home, or shelter, cannot lay down his *wad* in that place as of ould. And then the creather is seen, the same as in life, rockin to and fro, and crying murther in an unknown tongue, with the blood on her face and on the stones.—It would have been bettther to have kilt a rigimin of men and women, or a whole *faction* off the face o'the earth that could speak and defend themselves, than that poor innocent whom God gave 'specially for protection and charity."

Brien had worked himself up to a state of excitement which was almost ungovernable.

The friar, his eyes dilating as his companion ran on, was in a glow—the perspiration teemed from his forehead.

"I honour your feelings," spoke the venerable lady, who alone, while sharing the indignation and horror, retained her self-possession, "but blame your superstitious fears, they are unmanly; and, Mr. Flannery, you, who ought to have more sense, from your education and calling, should reprove them."

"Tell you the truth, Ma'am, I believe there are some superstitions so nathural that they are badly paid for by the best knowledge."

"Indeed, Mr. Flannery, I fear so.—Let us pass on."

They could not avoid passing the market-house; and, although she should return and then again pass back alone, she saw that her own sustaining spirit was necessary to her male companions. As they approached the place, instead of pausing, they hurried by rapidly and in silence; the teeth were clenched, the breath retained. While, as the wind swept through the building, empty and open at all sides, voices might be heard as of the converse of troubled spirits. The scene of horror passed, the male portion of the company drew up and made the sign of the cross; while, despite of entreaty, the old lady returned back to the house above noticed, leaving her companions in anxious expectation of her soon rejoining them.

If there were any danger to her from the invisible inhabitants of another world, the hearty and fervent prayers which accompanied her footsteps would have shielded her from their malevolence.

She entered what was once the house of the ill-fated James Lacy. As might have been foreseen by the discerning reader, he paid the penalty of his crime upon the gallows, unfelt for, unsympathised with. His crime was regarded as something devilish. To his body was denied the rites of Christian burial—he was hung in chains upon a gibbet; and lest humanity, or fear, or any other motive might prompt his removal, a heavy penalty was affixed upon whoever should be the means of honouring the murderer of the idiot with the last sad rites of humanity.

And there the black object, swathed in its pitchy dress, mummy-like, creaked, and creaked, and creaked. As the wind turned it upon the pivot to which it was suspended, one might fancy a demon of the air turning it and looking at it with a feeling of grinning curiosity. The country people crossed the distant fields to avoid the sight, and females who were obliged to take the high road left home at early morning, lest the night might surprise them on their return home in the neighbourhood of the object that spoke from its very bones.

To the neglected widow of this unfortunate man was the visit now paid. The poor creature lay undressed in bed, while Aileen, the good-natured feeling girl, rocking an infant to sleep, listened to her as she read from the Bible. How truly did she seek the waters of consolation. And, deep as was her sorrow, it was not marked by that wild abandonment as of one in despair, and sorrowing without hope.

"This is so good, Mrs. H——, at such an hour too," and the poor woman burst into tears.

"I come to make a request, which you must grant me, that is, that you will rouse yourself—you and Aileen. She can wrap the child up warmly, and step up to the house. I have to make a call to a neighbour, and shall not return for an hour after you. I shall then have something *particular* to say to you.—Now don't deny me."

"I could not deny you any thing—you who visited me in my affliction, who alone visited my husband in his cell and softened his last moments, who would have saved from insult"—

Here she was getting into a paroxysm of grief.

"Well, well, we shall speak some other time of that."

"Oh, dear Mrs. H——, 'tis Aileen alone prevents me keeping

my window open night and day. I fancy I hear the sounds from that horrid spot where he hangs—oh God ! hangs in death. Monsters! monsters! In *heart* he was no murderer, and God only punishes the deeds of the heart. I'll prove it to you from the Bible, Ma'am—listen to me."

She said this sinking from the very madness of her feelings into the calmness of almost ordinary conversation.

When she had finished one of those numerous passages, which indeed fully proved her belief, she relapsed again into her former strain. "I could listen, and listen, although listening sets me mad. I know I am getting mad."

Aileen kept rocking the cradle with a violence which showed how strongly she was moved. Her eyes were blinded with tears.

"Do not say what would be a sin," observed Mrs. H—. "Your reason will be preserved you; and you ought to pray for a better frame of mind, if only for the sake of that infant which depends upon you."

"And don't I pray? Aileen you know it. And don't I pray for that dear orphan of a murdered father?"

She sprang out of bed, and, throwing herself on her knees, uttered a prayer wildly and fervently.

Mrs. H., when she had done, knelt solemnly, and poured forth a prayer so subduing, so touching, that when she had done she found her poor Mary so rational and so passive in her hands that she literally dressed her with her own hands, wrapped up the sleeping infant (whom she kissed) in Aileen's cloak, and saw them up to the avenue which led to her own house.

She hastily returned; and in a short time after the friar, Brien, and the Bawn Vone, were at the foot of the gibbet, where swung in the night blast all that remained of the murderer.

I wish to pass over the details of this transaction. For no person, perhaps, on earth, but for Mrs. H—, who tended his own "Jenny Murphy's daughter" in her accouchement, and danced at the christening of his son and heir, *could* daicent Mickey Brien have so subdued his superstitious fears as to mount in a wild October night the gibbet of a murderer, with his troubled ghost howling over him like an eagle over its killed young, and thence remove the tainted corpse. For no one but the friend of the *Convent* would friar Flannery have brought out his favourite ass and harnessed it to a car, that it might convey the body to the grave which was decently prepared for it in the abbey burial-yard. While at any time, to relieve a distressed mind and bind up a broken herat, to answer the promptness of duty and of generous feeling, would Mrs. H— have done the same thing.

That night the bones of the gibbeted criminal, despite the terrors of the law, in this case alone perhaps not unjustly violated, were consigned to a Christian grave; and there was one there—that good woman—who sufficed in herself for all the honours which numbers might have conferred by her presence alone.

When it was surmised whose was the hand that deceived the law, no means were taken to bring the delinquent to justice; and the bones of James Lacy rested in peace.

Before I conclude, it may be asked, What was the object in bringing poor Mary Lacy from her home upon that night?

Mrs. H—feared that the shock she might receive in her own lonely house would be too much for her spirits. She wished further to give her that air of countenance and protection following the event as would dispose the neighbourhood and friends in her favour. She wished, above all, to cheer and console the widow.

That night, when she returned, of course all were joy and gladness to receive her. Mary had detailed her visit; and among all there was a kind of ill-defined feeling, almost a surmise, as to the nature of her expedition. Her exalted firmness of character, her determination, and her surpassing goodness, suggested what mere womanly weakness might have been unequal to. Accordingly her return was expected with uneasiness, with alarm, and there was an exclamation of joy at her return. The widow beheld her with a look so piercing that Mrs. H— involuntarily whispered to her, "Poor Lacy, my dear, sleeps in his silent grave;" and the arms of the widow were flung round the neck of the Bawn Vone.

THE WARRIOR.

THE trumpet's hoarse throat on the battle plain
Had sounded the charge, nor sounded in vain.
The hollow ground they thundered along,
And death strode the warrior-ranks among.
Ere the trumpet's brazen note was o'er,
Ere a burnished lance was dimmed with gore,
Ere a sword had drank of life's purple stream,
Ere a falchion had glanced in the red sunbeam,
Ere the groans of the wounded and dying were heard,
Ere a helm was cloven or courser spurred,
Thus spoke a young hero, whose haggard eye
Seemed to mark his fearful destiny:—
"I never have known a father's care;
A warrior he, he fell in war,
And his sun-blanced bones were laid in the tomb
While I was yet in my mother's womb.
I have seen a mother's death-glazed eye,
But I was not there to see her die.
I have wept o'er my loved one's watery grave,
And I saw her sink and yet could not save,
Though mail-clad I plunged in the foam-crested wave.
Heart-broken, forlorn, unfriended, I rove,
Divided in life from all that I love,
Until I may meet them in heaven above!
I am bound to earth by no earthly tie,
The only joy I seek is to die!
I long for, hope, what others dread,
And the laurel shall bloom o'er my gory bed."
He dashed the rowels in his steed,
And rushed on death with furious speed.
The din of arms rung out his knell;
And covered with wounds and honour he fell!

T. S. R.

LOUIS PHILIPPE,
THE CAUSE OF THE PRESENT STATE OF FRANCE.

THE French nation is at present divided into four political sections. The most honourable but unpopular, the wealthiest but the least vigorous, is that of the friends of legitimacy, because it is composed of the ancient nobility, of the magistracy, of the clergy, and of almost the whole of the west and south provinces of France. Next come the republican party, to which belong the greatest part of the young generation of the middle classes that have received some education, and all the admirers of the United States of America. Then follow the partisans of the present dynasty, who are not very numerous, but powerful, because they are supported by the public money, and by nearly a million of passive and bribed slaves. The Buonapartists form the last section; but since the death of young Napoleon this party is on the decline, because many of the most influential among them have either been bought by the family of Orleans or have embraced republican principles; and in a few years this section will be entirely extinct, because there is not a single member of the family of the great Corsican general who possesses those qualities which are indispensable to a leader of a great nation.

However, the great mass of the people of France are of no party, and are always ready to revolutionize for the sake of anarchy and plunder; and all the low inhabitants of the great cities are of this description. It may be asserted, without exaggeration, that Paris alone contains above 200,000 of these worthies, who in a few hours may form a truly formidable body against the existing government, and in behalf of any party that has the courage to raise the standard of revolt, and lead them to fight with the hope and promise of bettering their condition, because they have nothing to lose and much to gain by a great national convulsion. Without the powerful aid of this lawless class, neither the revolution of 1789 nor the "Three Glorious Days of July" could have effected the wondrous political changes which they produced.

A nation, therefore, composed of such elements cannot be easily governed; and the man who presides over its destinies must not only endeavour to gain the respect of all parties, and especially the affection of the working and poorer classes, but must possess no ordinary ability and great conciliating energy to maintain himself in power and prevent agitation.

If the son of the famous Egalité had not been, from his very youth, the most selfish and the most deceitful double-minded man in existence, if the modern Dionysius of Europe could have renounced his unparalleled thirst of gold and power, France would not be at present on the eve of a new revolutionary eruption; because, if the four above-mentioned political parties would not have entirely ceased to exist, at least they could not be so alarmingly exasperated and opposed to

each other, and thus the mobility of the lower classes could not be easily put in action at any time.

In fact, if we survey with impartiality the conduct of Louis Philippe during the last forty-five years, we find that if he served under the republican standard with Kellerman and Dumouriez it was only because he thought that his father, by corruption, intrigue, and Macchiavelism, would possess himself of the throne which he himself had been the principal instrument in destroying; but as soon as Robespierre, having become the all-powerful dictator of the committee of public safety and of the convention, destined to the scaffold old Egalité, the wondrous hero of Gemappe and Valmy, forgetting his oath, deserted with arms and baggage, and retired into Switzerland, there to imitate the tyrant of Syracuse. But this was also an act of deception, because at that epoch young Egalité had in his possession nearly a million of francs, sent to him by the duchess of Penthièvres a few days before his desertion.

If from Switzerland we follow him to England, we shall see him courting the exiled Bourbons, and, all contrition, begging forgiveness of Louis XVIII., under the plea that critical circumstances alone had forced him, against his will and inclination, to be carried away by the revolutionary torrent, which however he heartily abhorred and detested.

If we visit him at Palermo, we find him not only surrounded by many money-lenders, accumulating his wealth by all sorts of speculations and usury, but in the mean time, under the cloak of religion, humbugging his ignorant and bigoted cousin Ferdinand IV., in order to obtain for his wife one of his daughters.

Having succeeded in this project, Louis Philippe began to play double game, and according to his principles, through the medium of his father-in-law and of the exiled royal inhabitants of Hartwell, endeavoured to be appointed commander-in-chief of the Anglo-Sicilian army, which was then combatting in Spain under the present duke of Wellington; while, on the other hand, through his friends in France, he was represented at the Thuilleries as a man who had not only forgotten the past, but who, being a great admirer of Napoleon, ardently wished to return to his country, there to live as a private faithful subject of the existing government.

When Napoleon, abandoned by the majority of the French nation, already too much tired of his despotism, ambition, and continual wars, was conquered by the gold of England and by the allied powers of Europe, Louis Philippe left Palermo and hastened to Paris to offer his congratulations and servile submission to Louis XVIII. and his court. However, soon after, the Palais Royal became the rendezvous of the most influential members of the opposition of that epoch.

At the sudden, unexpected, and almost incredible reappearance of Napoleon in the French territory in 1815, and when it was thought almost impossible that he could again place himself at the head of the French nation, Louis Philippe demanded and obtained the command of a French division; but as soon as Napoleon took possession

of Paris he resigned his post, and after the "hundred days" returned to England, where he lived in disgrace and exile.

However, through the entreaties of the young duchess of Berry, his niece, Louis XVIII. recalled the duke of Orleans to France, where, for several years in his apparent conduct, he was neither more nor less than an industrious speculator, a secret usurer, an artful Macenas, and the greatest shopkeeper of France; but, concealedly and underhand, he was incessantly preparing the downfall of the elder branch of the Bourbons, and his own elevation to the throne.

Under the infatuated and imbecile administration of Polignac, Louis Philippe, with his gold and through his creatures of the press, almost forced the government to have recourse to the subversive ordinances of the 25th of July; while, at the same time, he was instigating the court to that unconstitutional and fatal attempt. It is reported as a fact that, a few days before Charles X. signed the warrant of expulsion from the throne of France for himself and for his family, the duke of Orleans said to that old fool, who was complaining of the great obstacles he met with to govern his dissatisfied subjects, "Sire, tirez votre épée, montrez la à votre peuple, et tout rentrera dans l'ordre."

During the "three glorious days," uncertain of the result of that sudden revolutionary eruption, Louis Philippe, acting according to his principles, kept himself aloof both from the court and from the people, ready however to side with the conquering party after all had been settled. In fact, when the people of Paris had defeated and expelled Marmont and the troops under his command, when old Lafayette, placed at the head of the provisional government, was humbugged by his colleagues, the creatures of the duke of Orleans, and foolishly consented to appoint Louis Philippe lieutenant-general of France, the present citizen-king was found by Sebastiani and Dupin near the forest of Bondy, still unwilling to declare his exultation in having at last obtained what he most ardently had wished for, because Charles X. was still at St. Cloud, and because the sentiments of the army and of the departments were not yet known.

However, on the 1st of August, pale as a ghost, with tears in his eyes, with an enormous tricoloured cockade to his hat, and shielded by Lafayette, Lafitte, Odilon Barrot, Manguin, Dupont de l'Eure, Gerard, and Sebastiani, Louis Philippe presented himself to the people from the balcony of the Hotel de Ville, and was at first received with mingled applause and groans; and, had not Lafayette placed himself before him, he would have been, probably, shot by the heroes of July, who, apprehending what has since happened, gave manifest signs of their murderous intention. It was on that occasion that Lafayette, in order to appease the republicans, embracing Louis Philippe, said, "My friends, behold the best of republics."

From that day to the 9th of August Louis Philippe became the most generous man of France, the most humble adorer of the members of the provisional government and of the most influential deputies. As for the heroes of July, the lowest of them were courted by him, and they were also appointed to be his body guards.

But soon after his elevation to the throne Louis Philippe began to throw off his mask, and little by little Lafayette, Lafitte, Odilon Barrot, Dupont de l'Eure, Audry de Puiraveau, Mangin, and all those who had the most contributed to his usurping an undeserved crown were disregarded and disgraced; and thus the dictatorship of the present citizen-king began and continues under the nominal responsibility of a constitutional ministry, who are nothing more than the tools of the tyrant of France.

Now let us historically compare the state of France during the restoration and under the reign of Louis Philippe, and we shall see whether the French nation have gained or lost by the change.

During the fifteen years of the restoration, notwithstanding the brutal persecutions of MM. Corbière, Delaveau, and Mangin, the dwelling-house of every Frenchman was sacred, and no arbitrary domiciliary visit ever disturbed the peace of a private family or of any individual. But under the paternal government of the king of the barricades, through the patriotic solicitude of MM. Perrier, D'Argout, Montelivet, Thiers, and Gisquet, thousands and thousands of domiciliary visits have taken place, and daily take place in every town and in every corner of France; and *nine-tenths* of those inquisitorial and unconstitutional profanations are acknowledged to be not only arbitrary and vexatious, but also useless and uncalled for.

During the restoration the prisons of France scarcely ever contained above *thirty individuals* condemned in consequence of political offences or of *ex-officio* information, notwithstanding the famous severity of MM. Marchangy, Frayssinous, and Foudras. But under the citizen-king, through the zeal of MM. Persil, De Beranger, and Martin, several hundred literary, scientific, and political writers have been confined and are still confined in the common gaols of France.

During the restoration persons of every class were permitted to assemble in their private houses, there to amuse themselves or to do whatever they chose, without the least fear of being suddenly surprised by the armed force and arrested. The Palais Royal and the Château de Neuilly, the hotels of Lafayette, Lafitte, Perrier, and Foy were respected, although they were openly denounced as the rendezvous of the enemies of the existing government. But under the patriot-king such re-unions cannot be tolerated; and if a few individuals are *suspected* or *denounced* to assemble together, and their place of reunion be known, they will be certainly arrested, and then be probably kept in prison for ten or twelve months before their trial and acquittal.

During the restoration the house of the hereditary peers of France often opposed and rejected several despotic projects of the government, although they had been sanctioned by the chamber of deputies. But, under the renowned hero of Gemappe and Valmy, the regenerated house of the elective peers of France, being almost all servile creatures of the reigning dynasty and entirely dependent on its pleasure for the continuance of their peerage, are always ready to approve and sanction any project the government may choose to submit to their consideration; and, if Louis Philippe were to demand of them the abolition of the whole charter, he would certainly obtain

it, as he has already obtained the annulment of two of its most vital articles with regard to the press and jury.

During the restoration the press was only *thirty-four times* prosecuted *ex-officio*, and *six times* only for having personally attacked royalty or its rights. But, under the liberal citizen-king, the press has already been prosecuted, *ex-officio*, *two thousand seven hundred and forty-six times*, and *fifteen hundred and sixty-nine times* for having personally, but historically, censured the acts and life of Louis Philippe.

During the restoration only *four partial conspiracies* were discovered against the existing government, and they were almost all secretly and indirectly fomented and supported by the agents of the late duke of Orleans. But, since the "three glorious days of July," how many *mock conspiracies* have not been invented by the present government to serve the despotic purposes of Louis Philippe? How *many real ones* have not been discovered against the throne and life of the king of the barricades?

During the restoration, notwithstanding the unpopularity of the Bourbons, the government only once were obliged to call into action a few battalions of troops, after the elections of Paris, to check a kind of tumult which a furious mob was making in the Rue St. Denis, at Paris, and then only *three* of the lowest order fell victims of their disorderly conduct. But, under the patriot-king, Paris has been several times in a state of rebellion, its edifices and streets have witnessed the destruction of thousands of lives of the middle and instructed class, *the state of seige*, and *the establishment of martial laws and martial courts*. Besides Lyons has had *four patriotic butcheries*, and martial laws and martial courts, St. Etienne *four Philippist massacres*, Marseilles *two Orleanist human hecatombs*, Toulouse *several Philippist slaughters*, and Vendée and Brittany have been almost always in a state of *continual legal butchery under martial laws*.

During the restoration no attack was ever made on the persons of the royal family, with the exception of the murder of the Duke of Berry by the mysterious hand of Louvel, who, according to his own confession, for the good of the Orlean family, intended by that assassination to prevent the ancient branch of the Bourbons from reigning long over France. But, since the "three glorious days," Louis Philippe has often been the object of premeditated assassination; and, within the last twelve months, he has been twice saved from imminent death by mere chance, and it is more than probable that, if a very great change does not soon take place in his governmental and political conduct, he must ultimately fall a victim to the hatred of the French nation, which he has not only deceived by false promises, but has also oppressed and degraded.

During the restoration the police of France and of the court was performed by *six thousand* secret agents, and that system was justly considered unconstitutional, oppressive, and inquisitorial. But, under the government of the barricades, more than *forty thousand* spies are employed for the welfare of France and for the protection of the patriot-king, who is described by his partizans and paid defenders to be the elected of the majority of the French nation, while it is an histo-

rical fact that he was precipitately chosen by *two hundred and nineteen deputies* out of nearly *six hundred*, who ought to have concurred in his election. Moreover, it is also a fact, that during three months after the 9th of August, M. Guizot, and all the prefects and mayors of France, his creatures, did all in their power to obtain from the departments addresses approving of what the two hundred and nineteen deputies had sanctioned, and that, after having spent nine millions of francs of the public money, they scarcely obtained four thousand three hundred and seventy-one addresses out of forty thousand communes that compose the French kingdom.

During the restoration the civil list swallowed up every year about thirty-five millions of francs of the public money. However, out of this sum twelve millions of francs were employed for the support of the royal body guards, and three other millions for the encouragement of literature, science, and arts, and for the improvement and keeping of the royal domains. But, under the present government, the economic patriot-king, possessing himself an annual private fortune of more than seventeen millions of francs, receives the round sum of twenty millions of francs per annum. But the civil list of Louis Philippe may be also truly considered his own private fortune, because it has no incumbrances, and not a single farthing of it is employed for public purposes. Besides, the great stock-jobber and shop-keeper of France makes a capital speculation with the productions of his royal domains, because all that can be disposed of for money is publicly adjudged to the highest bidder, be it a Carlist, a Republican, a Buonapartist, a Philippist, or the devil himself, provided there is the certainty of payment.

During the restoration the standing army scarcely ever exceeded 200,000 men, who were sufficient to maintain tranquillity at home, and to inspire respect abroad; and the interference of France at that epoch was of some weight with the continental powers of Europe. In fact, under the administration of Martignac the diplomatic mediation of France saved from the scaffold and from the dungeons of the despotic tyrants of Italy and Germany many political victims. But, under the present government, notwithstanding that France keeps at an enormous sacrifice of the public money a well disciplined standing army of nearly 500,000 men, backed by 800,000 national guards, with much difficulty it is enabled to prevent agitation and revolt at home, and its interference in the continental affairs is, if not utterly disregarded, not much thought of by the great powers. Nay, the generous patriot-king and his partizans, notwithstanding the entreaties and declarations of the most liberal and most enlightened statesmen of France, have witnessed with apathy, or rather with sympathy, the *re-establishment* of the order of Warsaw, the destruction of the nationality of Poland, the enslavement of the Roman legations, and the butcheries of the petty tyrant of Modena; and all this has been permitted, although those improvident patriots had been directly instigated by France to raise the standard of national freedom in imitation and support of the "three glorious days of July."

These are historical facts which have occurred within our own knowledge. How can we be surprised, therefore, in seeing France in

a state of almost continual disturbance and agitation? How can it be expected that a nation like the French can endure much longer the yoke of the present government? How can it be ever possible for Louis Philippe to become a national king after what has already taken place, even if he were now willing to direct his domestic and foreign policy on more liberal and more humane principles? Would it not be wise, and much better for himself and for France, if the now old, and indiscribably wealthy king of the French were to appoint a truly liberal and popular regency, and then resign into its hands the high post which through his selfishness and misconduct he has rendered himself unworthy of? Under that regency the present hastily-concocted charter could be calmly and deliberately remodelled on a broader scale of national freedom, and of equal justice, granting to at least 1,500,000 Frenchmen the right of electing the representatives who are to legislate for a nation of more than 30,000,000 of subjects. Then let the son of Louis Philippe, the present duke of Orleans, offer himself a candidate for the national crown, and if the majority of the chamber of deputies chosen by the 1,500,000 new electors think him worthy of reigning over France, then he will deserve the honourable appellation of national king, and France will then, and not until then, enjoy the fruits of all the struggles and sacrifices which for more than half a century it has endured, in order to obtain its glorious independence, and its national freedom. If what we humbly suggest and earnestly hope for should really take place, in a very short time all disturbances and political agitation would cease in our sister country, and Great Britain and France, united as they already are by the similarity of their institutions and liberal principles, will progressively bring civilization and freedom into every quarter of the globe, and all despotic governments in a few years will be obliged for their own interest and welfare to renounce their unreasonable obstinate determination of ruling over their subjects as if we were still living at the beginning of the modern civilization of Europe.

EPIGRAM, BY A BOY AT SCHOOL.

TEMPUS FUGIT.

THE school-boy, poring o'er his hated books,
 Dreams but of happy home and summer flowers,
 And wreathing myrtle groves, and purling brooks,
 And chides the drowsy lazy-footed hours
 That slowly bring the long-expected day,
 When, for a time, he throws those books away.

But when his merry holidays are past
 (How long soe'er, their end must come at last),
 Ere yet the measure of his joy is full,
 With visage woe-begone, and tearful eyes,
 And hardly half-check'd sobs, and smothered sighs,
 "My time already out," the urchin cries.
 "Must I so soon go back again to school.
 Ah me! how very, very quick time flies!"

LETTERS FROM A CONTINENTAL TOURIST.

WE sailed from Southampton for Jersey, by the *Lady de Saumarez*, at six o'clock, on Saturday, the 6th of August. The opposition, which has reduced the prices, has very much increased the number of passengers, so that the only or at least the best berth vacant was over the paddle-wheel, and that was worse than none at all; for the vibration of the engine, the slapping of the paddle-boards on the surface of the water, and the odour of the molten cart-grease were all together utterly insupportable. However, the night was fine, and I found a tolerably comfortable corner on deck, where I lay down, and slept soundly, with the sky for a coverlid and the stars for night-lamps.

Before the moon rose the lights at Hurst Castle and the Needles had faded from our view, and we were alone on the deep dark sea. There is something indescribably agreeable in the sensation produced by first losing sight of land. The feeling of solitude, however irksome when continued for any length of time, is the reverse of painful when one knows it will last only for a few hours. After indulging for a time my thoughts I retired to my bed as before described, and laid my head on the hard boards to enjoy a slumber, which was as sweet and as sound as though it had been on a bed of down. One of the advantages of a couch *al fresco*, on the open deck, was the early waking, which enabled me to see the sun rise. We were off the island of Aurigny, or Alderney, when I first shook the night dews from my hair, where they had gathered somewhat abundantly, and looked out on the broad red belt which skirted the eastern horizon. That part of the heavens nearest the water was free from clouds, but they had clustered rather thickly above, and, as the hour of sun-rise more nearly approached, the far reaching beams of the sun kindled the opaque, and it glowed with a brightness almost too intense for the eye to bear, till at length the ruddy god peeped over the bounding line and showed his broad disc on the face of the waters.

Not long after we arrived at Guernsey, and had no sooner brought to, than half a score of boatmen from the island leaped on board to make prize of such passengers as were thither bound. They are a fine hardy, healthy-looking race, and their appearance agrees exactly with the character they bear—that of inveterate and daring smugglers. At ten o'clock we reached St. Heliers, in Jersey, and shortly after were safely landed.

I had expected to see something of a French character in the people or the houses; or both, but this is by no means the case. The town, which is said to contain about 30,000 inhabitants, much resembles an English country-town of the same size, both as regards cleanliness and the mode of building and laying out. The people in dress and manners entirely resemble the English, the only mark of their foreign descent being the recitative, if I may so call it, of their language, which is French. Indeed, the intonation is precisely that of a Frenchman speaking English perfectly well, though of course the idiom is purer than a foreigner can possibly acquire. Of their

character I can give no very just opinion. The shortness of my stay in the island, and the peculiar circumstances of my visit, may perchance have impressed me with too favourable ideas of them:—but they appear to be hospitable and obliging, certainly very loyal and independent. Indeed they are highly favoured both by nature and political circumstances. The climate is exceedingly healthy. Poverty is almost unknown among them, and taxation exists only in name. Custom and excise laws there are none; and, in short, they may be considered as independent republics living under and enjoying the protection of a powerful empire. They seemed to me prejudiced and self-important, but this must not be wondered at, considering their situation; and even if their trifling magnitude and importance were so low in the scale as to justify the contemptuous observation* of the great Lord Thurlow, when threatened by them with a rebellion in case of the English council persisting in some measures which they thought harsh and unjust; yet right sorry should I be if any ill-judged severity or arbitrary interference with their internal administration, should crush or tend to crush the loyal and Antigallican spirit of the Channel islanders.

One of the peculiarities of this people seems to be an indifference to the accumulation of wealth. No man here is ambitious of being thought a man of fortune:—provided they have a competence they are satisfied; and competence here is very different from the same thing in England. A limited income, which in England would scarcely suffice for the necessities of life, will here amply supply all the luxuries that can be desired. A man must, however, be satisfied with a domestic life, for there is almost an absolute lack of places of entertainment, and you must seek for enjoyment within your own circle of connections, or find it not. There is also a lassitude, a want of energy apparent in the character of the inhabitants which would ill assort with the active spirit of one accustomed to the busy habits, the tumult and struggle for advancement in place or means which pervades a metropolis of itself covering a space of ground equal in magnitude to the whole island.

The courts of law here still use the French language, a corrupt dialect of which is much spoken by the common people; but a passing visitor may not hope to explain the mysteries of a judicature which is neither written in statutes nor founded on precedents, as far at least as I could learn. Indeed, they scarcely seem to have any criminal code at all; and there is a culpable lenity prevalent among them which forbids the destruction of life even in cases of the most unmitigated description. One singular custom still remains, which is a part of the old Norman law of Rollo, called the "*clameur de Haro*." The great freebooter, after the cession of Neustria to him and his pirates, governed them and the other inhabitants of the district, from the new comers called Normandy, with justice and paternal care. One of his laws was to the effect that any one who considered his property unjustly trespassed on should cry aloud three times, "*Haro!*" that is, "*Aid me, Rollo!*" and such was his known equity that none dared continue his aggression till it was decided by some tribunal which of

* *Tempestas in matulâ.*

the parties had justice on his side. This law is frequently observed in Jersey, and in cases of disputed property prevents the trespass being carried to an irremediable extent before the right is decided.

Every resident, whether native or not, is obliged to serve in the militia. I saw them reviewed by the lieutenant-governor, and though their personal appearance was the reverse of favourable, they performed their evolutions with considerable precision and readiness. When the island was attacked by the French, in 1781, the militia assisted in the defence—not without some loss of life. There is in the church a monument to the memory of Major Pearson, who fell on that occasion, which is beautifully executed; but the name of the sculptor is effaced, nor could any person whom I had the opportunity of asking supply me the information I required.

The people of Jersey are, for the most part, of low stature, in that respect being inferior to the natives of the English side of the channel. But they are stout and healthy, and many of them boast pedigrees which would do honour to the most distinguished blood in the empire. The de Carteret family (of which Captain Carteret the circumnavigator was a member) have been so long established in the island that their origin is lost in the darkness which preceded the historical period, and Philippe de Carteret was, in the year 1685, the fifty-ninth seigneur de St. Ouen, all having borne the same name and descended from the same stock.

The face of the country is agreeably varied, and offers most charming prospects to such as are satisfied with the picturesque without the sublime. There are some remnants, too, of antiquity by no means devoid of interest: the chateau of Mont Argeuil, memorable for its sieges, the Fort Elizabeth, at the mouth of the small harbour of St. Helier's, and the Tower of Hogue Bye, which, by the way, has been rebuilt not many years since. From the top of this tower may be seen the greater part of the island, broken as its surface is by valleys and hills of no great magnitude, but enough to relieve the eye from the monotony of a plain, and studded with what appears from that elevation to be forests, but are in reality orchards. I leave to the guide-books and chronicles particular descriptions and historical anecdotes, and here close an account of Jersey, which I fear you may find somewhat of the longest. The other islands, which I did not visit, are I am told so similar that one description will serve for all. "*Ab una disce omnes.*" My next letter will be dated from Paris.

LETTER II.

Paris, August 13.

I HAVE just arrived here, after the usual troublesome journey by diligence—diligence, quotha! it bears no resemblance to its name. Five miles an hour is but sorry pace for one accustomed to English stage-coaches and double that speed. I left the island of Jersey by the *Ariadne* steamer, wind fair and sun shining, and arrived at St. Malo in four hours. We landed after the usual examination by the douanier, and I found myself on French ground, after eleven years' absence from—"the sacred soil," as our neighbours call it. The first thing was to secure a place in the diligence, and none was to be

found except on the bouquette. Now this is the cheapest part of the coach, and, for the most part, appropriated to inferior passengers. But in reality it is by far the most agreeable, being, in fact, the front seat on the top, with a cover over it like that of a cabriolet. As it happened I had the company of two Englishmen, as eager to get forward as myself, and we passed our time pleasantly enough. Normandy in its general appearance, as far as nature is concerned, very much resembles England. The same perpetual verdure,—the trees and hedge-rows, the waving surface of the soil—all was familiar-looking and delicious; but, then, one need not come so far for it. However, there was much to satisfy me of the identity of Normandy and France. The first signs were in the *cuisine*: at breakfast we had, among others, a dish of pigeons' wings fried in what appeared to me to be train oil, but I suppose I was mistaken. To return however to St. Malo, the town requires little description; it is built on a tongue of arid soil that runs into the sea, is surrounded by high walls, and is as dirty and uncomfortable as can be well imagined. But my business lay not here. So that after a visit to the sous-prefecture to obtain my passport, and a stroll round the town and along the ramparts, my curiosity was amply satisfied; and I spent the remainder of my spare time in watching the drill of some companies of the thirty-third regiment, which was quartered here. You must not suppose that the much and deservedly-praised French soldiery show so well as we might expect. They are, for the most part, much shorter and slighter than our fellows, and though they have a peculiar character, and that too very military, I do not think they are nearly so perfect in their evolutions. You look in vain for the regularity and firmness of our troops; and, though I do not pretend to be a judge in military affairs, I think, without knowing it to be the truth, I could guess that they would give way before a charge of English bayonets, however gallant and fearless of danger their spirits might be in any other situation. The weight alone would bear them down. But I may, perhaps, be able to say more about them after I have looked round me in Paris. I return to the point of departure from St. Malo—the *messageries*.

"*A vos places messieurs les voyageurs,*" cried the conductor; and I mounted the diligence. "*Eh! roule, cocher,*" for the postillion no longer exists. The harness is not improved, but the horses are driven much after the fashion of our own four-horse coaches. The whip, formed of a long strip of untanned hide fastened to the end of a clumsy stick, was cracked, and off trotted our five ragged-heeled, rough-coated horses, dragging the lumbering vehicle after them as fast as they might. Of course during the night we could see nothing; but, as the morning advanced, we were presented with every variety of the high Norman cap, which, to my eye, is the reverse of graceful. The eternal *blouse* and a straw hat, or a white cotton nightcap, furnished a head-dress for the he-peasants, with occasionally the addition of *sabots*. The pigs, who, like all French pigs I have ever seen, are long-legged and lank-bellied, have collars formed of four staves, each pair parallel and at right angles with the other pair, the head being inserted in the square of the centre. I have no doubt that they are very inconvenient to the wearers, but they seemed admirably adapted

for preventing their passage through hedgerows and trespassing on forbidden ground. At Caen I found a French town utterly uncorrupted by English travellers, very few of whom pass through this part of France. Many of the houses are exceedingly old and picturesque, with beams of carved wood on the outside, two of which opposite to the hotel where I dined appeared to be the subject of one of Prout's drawings. There was much reason to regret not having time to visit the cathedral, or that of Coutances. Both are said to be fine, with beautiful stained glass-windows. From Caen to Paris, another two-and-twenty hours journey, gives one a sufficient taste of the pleasures of land travelling, but to those who could spare the time to traverse it more leisurely this road offers much that is inviting. Part of this road lies on the banks of the Seine, passing by the château de Rosney, the birth-place of Sully, lately belonging to the duchess of Berri. Among the inconveniences of inside places in the diligence not the least annoying is an unpleasant companion. My opposite neighbour was an old French woman, who, to judge by her appearance, might have been the mother of Methusaleh; but I can conceive that in these days she cannot have been much past a hundred. Now her appearance alone was so disgusting that it was absolutely painful to look upon her; and, to render her presence still more annoying, she had a huge pannier of eatables and drinkables, which occupied the place where my legs ought to have been, which legs in consequence were squeezed into another place, much against their will. For what purpose such a decrepit old creature could travel I cannot conceive; but surely she must have had pressing affairs to induce her to undertake a journey from St. Malo to Paris at her time of life. But the road shortens. We arrive at St. Germain, at Nanterre, and at length pass the *barrière de Neuilly*, et "*me voila*" encore une fois à Paris. Before I leave the French capital I shall give you some account of the changes which have taken place since we visited it together in 1825.

LETTER III.

Paris, August 17.

HAVING now paid a hurried visit to many of the chief places of Paris, I proceed to redeem my promise at the close of the last letter. The first step I took on my arrival was to visit an old acquaintance, in order to learn what there was to be seen new since our visit some years ago. Having obtained the requisite information, I repaired to the Madeleine, now at length completed. A church founded by the unfortunate Louis XVI.—in the reign of terror converted into a temple where the mad republicans might worship their goddess Liberty (alas! that so fair a name should ever have been desecrated by the horrors of that period)—by Napoleon destined for a temple of glory, wherein should be inscribed the names of all his heroes—during the restoration left untouched, and now at length completed and about to be opened for the worship of God, in a nation the vast majority of whom openly profess infidelity. Indeed its appearance is that of a heathen temple, not of a Christian church. There can be no question as to its beauty; originality it does not claim. The form

of the Parthenon, with only some slight variations in the detail, cannot fail to excite admiration. The pillars which support, or appear to support the roof, are of the Corinthian order—light, elegant, and rich. A magnificent flight of steps leads to it in front, and the yet unsullied brightness of the stone adds not a little to its splendour.

In the Hotel de Tours I am lodged, on the place de la Bourse, which is a magnificent building of much the same character as the Madeleine, and indeed, as far as external appearance goes, would answer the purpose of a church quite as well as the other. The triumphal arch at the end of the Champ Elysées is another object deserving of attention, which has been completed since my last visit, though I am not by any means so well satisfied with it as with the Madeleine and the Bourse. The arch itself is doubtless magnificent, but the ornaments are too numerous. It is very much overloaded with bas reliefs of gigantic dimensions, and an immense quantity of gingerbread-work, which pleases the French, perhaps, better than a more chaste and subdued style. After all, I derived at least as much pleasure from the sight of an unfinished building of less pretension, on the Quai d'Orsay, as from any of the greater lions. It was originally begun by Napoleon as an hotel for the *Bureau des Affaires Etrangères*, was neglected during the restoration, but since the accession of Louis Philippe has been finished, and will, I believe, be used as an hotel for the *affaires intérieures*. It is a large building, formed of a centre and two small wings, not pretending to much beauty of decoration, but exceedingly elegant and graceful. Facing the river, and opposite the Thuillerie gardens too, it is in a particularly advantageous situation, as you see it at a sufficient distance to embrace the whole at one glance. The statue of Napoleon on the column at the place Vendôme is the only other conspicuous object of public interest that I have yet seen. The figure is dressed in the three-cornered hat and redingote, with which all the world is so familiar as the dress of the great warrior, and is of such proportions as to be seen distinctly, notwithstanding its considerable height.

Much has been done in late years to embellish Paris in the improvement of its streets; many have been made of considerable dimensions where before there were only narrow alleys; arcades have been built or enlarged; pavements added to the broad streets, and even to some of the narrow ones; above all, the *sewerage* is improved. More might still be done.

The Boulevards are not improved, as you may suppose, by the loss of the magnificent trees, whose places are now supplied by things like mopsticks with a few leaves at the top of them; but the shops have been much embellished, and, magnificent as the cafés were, they now far exceed their former splendour. The Café des Panoramas, at the corner of the new Rue Vivienne (which is now continued to the Boulevards) is adorned with a beauty and costliness that must be seen, not described. For the rest I find Paris the same as heretofore. Nor are the manners of the Parisians apparently changed, though it is said suicides and duels have increased to an extent perfectly horrifying.

In my last letter I made some mention of the French soldiery.

Since then I have had further opportunities of seeing them, and still continue in the same opinion. To an English eye the small size of the men is a prominent defect. Not that I would have an army of giants, nor do I think strength, activity, and the power of enduring fatigue are qualities to be looked for in very tall men (and surely these are absolutely necessary in a soldier); but the majority of the French army are what in England we should call *undersized men*; and, indeed, I believe the standard height of the French army is four feet ten inches French, which is rather less than five feet two inches English; and many of them do not appear to pass these dimensions. The cavalry and artillery are for the most part larger men, and have a soldierly appearance. Continual changes take place in the mode of arming and equipping them, but they do not seem to have improved on the fashion of ten years since. The national guard is an object of much interest to a stranger, though the Parisians find the duty very harassing. However, they keep things quiet; for they are the parties who are most interested in the preservation of internal tranquillity. I was much surprised at the military air and freedom from restraint and awkwardness in managing the accoutrements which appeared in these warlike shopkeepers. I do not mean to say that they march with the regularity of trained soldiers, but few I think, unless aware of the fact, would suspect them to be any thing else. They mount guard at the palace, and wherever else the regulars are, dividing the duty with them, and being better dressed, and for the most part a superior class of men, certainly do not suffer by comparison.

I went the other night to one of the salons de danse in the Champs Elysées, to which, as the admission was only sixpence, you may suppose the company was not very select. I believe the women were servant girls, and the inferior *ouvrières*; the male part shop-boys, and such others. I went in the hope of seeing the *cancan* danced, but was disappointed. The original *cancan* was a revel of so disorderly a nature that the police stopped it; but they have preserved the air, and adapted another dance to it, which, though not objectionable, is, I am told, very curious. I was, however, very much amused, for you are not to suppose there was any thing like the stamping, floundering, jumping, and rollocking of the same class in our country. O! no; nothing but quadrilles—aye, and those too performed after a fashion far superior to any thing we usually meet with in a London drawing-room. They gallop and waltz with a spirit and neatness that quite astonished me. They alter the figure a little, for they are unwilling to lose any time; and so, where usually but one or two couple are in motion, they continue to move two and four couples at a time. Altogether it was a very pleasing sight, and quite national and characteristic—two qualities much to be sought for by all travellers.

The present fashion at Paris, that is, the extreme point of puppyism, is to wear long hair hanging on the shoulders, a pointed beard, like a goat, large mustachios, and a straw hat with a black ribbon; this, with a pale thin face and an air of gravity and suffering, forms the *ne plus ultra* of a Parisian dandy. Mind, I do not mean a French

gentlemen. A gentleman is the same throughout the civilized world, no extremes, nothing conspicuous in dress or manners, obliging to all, intruding on none, and carefully avoiding any act or word that might offend the feelings or shock the ideas of those in whose society he may at any time be thrown. The demoiselles, who savour of the romantique, draw back the hair from the forehead, leaving it bare, and the shape of the head exposed—a mode of coiffure not unbecoming to those whom nature has favoured with a classical outline, but absolutely ridiculous when adopted to a nez retroussé in the centre of a dumpling countenance.

I suspect I shall not be able to quit Paris quite so early as I wished, inasmuch as the passports do not always arrive when they ought, and mine happens to be one of those unfortunate exceptions.

OH ! DITES MOI,—OUI.

ORIGINAL LINES, BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

SOUVENT une fille,
Et jeune et gentille,
'A coquetter passe son tems.
L'amour est voalge ;
Allons, c'est plus sage,
De profiter de son printems.
Ce cher cupidon,
Dieu de trahison,
S'occupe toujours d'amourettes.
Mais il est leger,
Et peut s'en aller
Faire pleurer les pauvres fillettes.
Trouve-et-on jolie
La coquetterie ?
A sa beauté c'est faire tort :
Car amour sincère,
Est plus doux à faire,
Et ne laisse pas des remords.
Le plus tendre amour
Ne fait pas sa cour
Auprès d'une dame cruelle.
C'est un sot amant,
Qui veut gémissant,
Mourir aux pieds de sa belle.
Belle créature,
Ne soyez pas dure,
N'attendez pas qu'il soit trop tard.
Et cueillez les roses,
A present écloses,
Ne remettant rien au hazard.
Acceptez mes vœux,
Vous me ferez heureux,—
Le plus heureux qu'il est possible.
Oh ! dites moi, oui,
Ou je mourrai d'ennui,
Détruit par ce refus terrible.

EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.

IF, thirty years ago, the question had been mooted in a society of men taken as an average of the educated and intellectual part of the English community, —whether it were expedient or not that the lower or operative classes of the English people should be taught to read and write, and such other branches of knowledge as would make them efficient members of their class, we doubt not that the jealousy of inferiors, inherent, as it would seem, to human nature, would have prompted a negative reply. At the present day, we are happy to say—thanks to the exertions of many high-minded men, and more than all to Lord Brougham, whose highest praise and claim, notwithstanding his encyclopedic genius, to the respect of historians is that he was the patron of popular education—in no company except that of a few clergy and country gentlemen of the old school would the negative side of the question be defended; so changed is the feeling of the educated classes with respect to this momentous subject.

It cannot be denied that much has been 'done to diffuse useful knowledge, and that knowledge has been really diffused and is still in course of diffusion,*—that the press has found the current setting in that direction and has answered to the call, and that many great schools, expressly for the lower classes, and on a very large scale, have been established by public bodies and private individuals, and been really and gloriously useful in different parts of the country. All that has been done should be gratefully acknowledged, and the names of those who have aided in putting the great machine at work should never be forgotten. But still enough has not been done, much remains still to be done; and it must be done undoubtedly ere the English become in time of peace that really great and influential people which the success of their arms made them during the lingering years of a continental war, in which the administration of those days involved us. In the towns which boast of a large population, it is true that a large portion of the operatives have been enabled to furnish to their children, either at no expense, or at an expense immeasurably below its value, an education of a kind very superior to that which the confined means of private, unmonied, and uneducated individuals could furnish; for in such places there has been a demand sufficient to call philanthropic exertions into play on a large scale.†

* We do not wish it to be understood that we are here advocating the cause of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge." So gross a monopoly as that attempted to be set up by that body, whose committee boasts a large proportion of *do-nothings* and *say-nothings*, with a few really great and working men interspersed, could not wholly succeed. Where is that dullest of all *dull* periodicals, "The Journal of Education;" and when will the next volume of "*Entertaining Knowledge*" appear? Alas, poor Yorick!

† That this remark, however, must be taken with some reservation, the following calculation, made by the Committee of the Manchester Statistical Society, with regard to Education in the borough of Salford, will abundantly prove; and an extension of the enquiry into the state of other towns would be equally conclusive.

But, when we consider how large a portion of the English people are engaged in agricultural pursuits, and are of necessity thinly scattered over the rural districts, and the intellects of their children left to languish in the Sunday-school and the dame-school, under the superintendence of a lazy or bigoted pastor, or of an incompetent matron—and we unhesitatingly assert this to be the fact with respect to three-fourths of the superficial area of England—we may naturally draw the conclusion that little, very little has been done for national education.

We offer in proof of what has been alleged respecting the dames' and common country day-schools—those schools we mean in which reading, sewing, and at best some few *silly* and *inefficient* lessons in writing are taught—some extracts from a report not very long ago published by the Manchester Statistical Society. Females, or old superannuated labourers whose good fortune it is that they themselves know how to read, are usually acknowledged by the agricultural population as the best calculated to do the work which they might, but cannot do themselves; and, as the demand for educational labour is not sufficient within their limited sphere for the supply of their wants, they of course, as might be expected, enlarge their very limited income (averaging 18*l.* *per annum*) by shop-keeping, washing, mangling, and other rather unacademic employments. Listen to the report where it speaks of the poverty-stricken state of the schools visited by the Committee to whom we have above alluded.

"These schools are generally found in very dirty, unwholesome rooms—frequently in close, damp cellars, or old dilapidated garrets. In one of these schools eleven children were found in a small room in which one of the children of the mistress was lying in bed ill of the measles. Another child had died in the same room, of the same complaint, a few days before, and no less than thirty of the usual scholars were then confined at home with the same disease.

"In another school all the children to the number of twenty were *squatted upon the bare floor*, there being no benches, chairs, or furniture of any kind in the room. The master said his terms would not yet allow him to provide forms; but he hoped that as his school increased, and his circumstances thereby improved, he should be able sometime or other to afford this *luxury*.

"In by far the greater number of these schools there were only two or three books among the whole number of scholars. In others there was *not one*; and the children depended for their instruction on the chance of some one of them bringing a book, or a part of one, from home. Books, however, are occasionally provided by the mistress, and in this case the supply is somewhat greater, but in almost all cases it is exceedingly deficient. One of the best of these schools is kept by a blind man, who hears his scholars their lessons, and ex-

"3131 or 5.7 per cent. of the population attend Day or Evening Schools *only*.

3410 or 6.2 attend *both* Day and Sunday Schools.

6344 or 11.5 attend Sunday Schools *only*.

12,885 or 23.4 per cent. of the population.

"Of these, about 2,235 were found to be either under five or about fifteen years of age, leaving about 10,650 as the number of children between the ages of five and fifteen under course of instruction. The total number of children between these ages in the borough of Salford being computed at 13,750, it would thus appear, that 3,100 (equal to 22½ per cent. of the whole) are receiving no instruction whatever."

plains them with great simplicity. He is, however, liable to interruption in his academic labours, *as his wife keeps a mangle, and he is obliged to turn it for her.*

"Occasionally, in some of the more respectable districts there are still to be found one or two of the old primitive dame-schools, kept by a tidy elderly female; whose school has an appearance of neatness and order, which strongly distinguishes it from the generality of this class of schools. The terms, however, are here somewhat higher, and the children evidently belong to a more respectable class of parents."

Those of our readers who do not know the miserable and degraded condition of rural teachers—male teachers we mean—might suppose that a report somewhat more creditable might be given of them. We quote the report literally:—

"One of these teachers observed, during a visit paid to his school, that there were too many schools to do any good, adding, 'I wish government would pass a law that nobody but *them as is high larnt* should keep school, and then we might stand a chance to do some good.'

"Most of the masters and mistresses of these schools seemed to be strongly impressed with the superiority of their own plans to those of any other school, and were very little inclined to listen to any suggestions respecting improvements in the system of education that had been made in other places. 'The old road is the best,' they would sometimes say. One master stated that he had adopted a system which he thought would at once supply the great desiderata in education. 'It is simply,' he said, 'in watching the dispositions of the children, and putting them especially to that particular thing which they take to.' In illustration of this system, he called upon a boy about ten years of age, who had *taken to Hebrew*, and was just beginning to learn it; the master acknowledging that he himself was learning too, in order to teach his pupil. On being asked whether he did not now and then find a few who did not *take to* any thing, he acknowledged that it was so; and this, he said, was the only weak point in his system, as he feared that he should not be able to make much of those children.

"One of these masters, who was especially conscious of the superior excellence of his establishment, began to dilate upon the various sciences with which he was familiar, among which he enumerated Hydraulics, Hydrostatics, Geography, Geology, Etymology, and Entomology. It was suggested to him that they had better perhaps take the list of queries in their order. On coming to the subjects taught in the schools, he was asked,—Do you teach Reading and Writing?—'Yes!' Arithmetic?—'Yes!' Grammar and Composition?—'Certainly!' French?—'Yes!' Latin?—'Yes!' Greek?—'Yes, yes.' Geography?—'Yes,' &c., and so on till the list of queries was exhausted, answering every question in the affirmative. As he concluded the visitor remarked, 'This is *multum in parvo* indeed!' to which the master replied, 'Yes, I teach that; you may put that down too.'"

Without arresting our readers' attention by the wretched joke implied (no fault of the reporters) in the above statement, we cannot help calling their attention very seriously to the degraded condition of the masters which is so strongly marked by these reports.

Of the morals of these gentry the evidence is not a whit less conclusive. Instance the three cases here given.

"The Committee met with two instances of schools kept by masters of some abilities, but much given to drinking, who had, however, gained such a reputation in their neighbourhood that, after spending a week or fortnight in this pastime, they could always fill their school-rooms again as soon as they returned to their post. The children during the absence of the masters go to

other schools for the week, or play in the streets, or are employed by their parents in running errands, &c. On another occasion, one of these instructors and guardians of the morals of our youth was met issuing from his school-room at the head of his scholars to see a *fight* in the neighbourhood; and, instead of stopping to reply to any educational queries, only uttered a breathless invitation to come along and see the sport.

"One master was found in the act of turning his wife and daughter out of doors, in consequence of their presuming to request him to remain and attend to his school; he then closed the shutters, locked the door, and marched triumphantly to the beer-shop, where he was found domiciled, when enquiry was made, four or five times during the following fortnight, his family having, meanwhile, found an asylum with a relative."

With respect to the intellectual instruction enough has been said; but as we have ever considered, in common we trust, with many of our readers, who know that man has *mental faculties* and an *eternal soul*, that that part is only one-third of the essentials to human training, some attention must be paid to discipline, morals, and religion. Of course, where the morals of the teachers are bad, little good can be expected on this head in their schools.

"There are very few schools in which the sexes are entirely divided, almost every boys' school containing some girls, and every girls' school a few boys. They are chiefly the children of mechanics, warehousemen, or small shopkeepers, and learn reading, writing, and arithmetic; and, in a very few of the better class of schools, a little grammar and geography.

"In the great majority of these schools there seems to be a complete want of order and system. In one of the seminaries of learning, where there were about 130 children, the noise and confusion was so great as to render the replies of the master to the enquiries put to him totally inaudible; he made several attempts to obtain silence, but without effect; at length, as a last effort, he ascended his desk, and striking it forcibly with a ruler, said in a strong Hibernian accent, 'I'll tell you what it is, boys, the first I hear make a noise, I'll call him up, and kill him entirely;' and then perceiving probably on the countenance of his visitor some expression of dismay at this murderous threat, he added quickly, in a more subdued tone, 'almost I will.' His menace produced no more effect than his previous appeals had done. A dead silence succeeded for a minute or two; then the whispering recommenced, and the talking, shuffling of feet, and general disturbance was soon as bad as ever. The master gave up the point, saying, as he descended from his desk, 'You see the brutes, there's no managing them!' The confusion arising from this defect, added to the very *low qualifications of the master*, the number of scholars under the superintendence of *one teacher*, the *irregularity of attendance*, the great *deficiency of books*, and the injudicious plans of instruction, or rather the *want of any plan*, render them nearly inefficient for any purposes of real education.

"Religious instruction is seldom attended to, beyond the rehearsal of a catechism; and moral education, real cultivation of mind, and improvement of character, are totally neglected. 'Morals!' said one master, in answer to the enquiry whether he taught them; 'morals! how am I to teach morals to the like of these?'"

Such then is the state of things in the vicinity of one of the most populous towns and parliamentary boroughs of the kingdom. Whether it ought or not to be the case, considering the great opulence of the neighbourhood, we need not stop to enquire.

The remedies for this national disease—this disease which affects not individuals, but an epidemic running through the whole pauper

population of the country, a disease fostered by the ignorant prejudices of a large class of men whose knowledge should lead them to more exalted notions—the remedies, we say, which are to make us not individually, but generally and nationally well instructed, are now to be considered. The experiment of making education a public concern has been tried in two continental nations, Prussia and France; and in one of them, however we might disapprove of its government, we may say that the trial has been fairly made, and with unquestionable success. And we may undoubtedly expect that in our own country, if every proper attention should be paid to national and peculiarly English prejudices so far as they might not really interfere with the general plan, a success no less signal might attend this institution.

Some persons, however, have objected to a system of national education; and even our government, much as we are sure that they approve on conviction of such a system, have not ventured to bring forward the subject in that bold and uncompromising way that zealous educationists might desire. It is not necessary to stop here and enquire the motive of this tardiness, nor is it our intention to canvass the objections that might be made to the adoption of a general system that shall enable every Englishman, however low his rank in life, to get a good and practical training for his children. In parliament and out of parliament, in lectures, reviews, books, and pamphlets, the subject has been considered and reconsidered, until no new ground remains which an advocate could take. On this account we prefer taking a view of the existing institutions of our country in order to ascertain how far by the adoption of some wholesome measures of reform they might be made really effective in the great work of educating the people.

Charity schools may be classed under three heads:—First, those supported by property left by individuals in the hands of trustees,—secondly, charities maintained by corporations out of lands either their own or held in trust,—thirdly, those supported by the direct influence of the clergy of various denominations. And in all, even the best of them, defects are on all hands acknowledged to exist. Many of the longest established schools have been neglected by the trustees, and allowed to decay, or been put in the hands of incompetent preceptors; while in other establishments the books used and the mode of instruction have not been varied during two centuries, although during that period, more than any other, have improvements been made in the science of education. In a third class of schools instruction in religious dogmatism is made to take the lead of every other useful branch of learning, and the Bible, or at least selections from Scripture, are made to serve for reading, spelling, explanation, &c. to the exclusion of all knowledge useful to the scholar as a social being. If the funds at present nominally devoted to education were substantially and economically bestowed, and the old charities examined and restored to something like efficiency, we have no doubt that the sum would be fully adequate to all the wants of that portion of the community whose means require such assistance; and then there would be no occasion for those wretched schools kept by infirm or idle men, or by superannuated dames, who know little more than their

scholars—schools whose existence is still upheld by an antiquated and left-handed sort of benevolence which, with the view of keeping a few imbecile paupers out of the workhouse, would sacrifice the intellectual and moral interests of hundreds and thousands of the rising generation.

It may indeed be said that many of the large charities are so constituted, so oppressed by an incubus in the shape of managing committees, composed of ignorant persons whose money is their only claim for interference, and so hampered by conditions of bequest, making the whole concern a mere absurdity, that all improvement is hopeless. Be it so (and let them await their time of visitation from parliamentary commissioners); there is still a large number in which the strong hand of the legislature is not required to interfere—charities which the good sense of individuals and school-societies can make useful engines of national improvement. The example of Mr. Wood in Edinburgh, whose sessional school may be justly regarded as a working model of our *beau ideal* has not been lost; for we could name many instances in which schools have been established on the same plan in the south of Britain, and wherever they have been established they have succeeded most triumphantly. The British School-Society, and two or three other public bodies, have also done much for the advance of national cultivation. The spirit therefore is not wanting: the elements are ready and only want to be combined into a system.

We propose now to consider what ought reasonably to be insisted on as the components of a fitting course of instruction for the operative classes. And here we wish it to be distinctly understood that we are not of the party that would banish religion from the school on the shallow pretext that it is better taught by the parent or the clergyman. We hold every course to be deficient in a main and essential feature which is not based on religion, which does not proceed on the principle that love to God is the parent source of, and is indissolubly connected with, social duty, which does not give positive instruction on Christian faith and Christian morals apart from sectarianism. The theorist in his closet may talk and write of moral training and social obligations as separate from religion, but the practiced school-master who has observed the characters of children knows that there is a want of something beyond mere human instruction, a want which the book of our holy faith can alone supply. We are the advocates of a religious system; we would have the Bible read by the master as well as by his scholars, its harder parts explained, its history made familiar, and its moral lessons inculcated by catechetical instruction under a competent and benevolent preceptor; but we would not, as some do, make the Bible odious to children by placing it before them as a task-book to be taken up with sorrow, and remembered with disgust; and, in our regard for their immortal interests, we would not forget that in the probationary state they have certain duties to perform, certain employments to hold, in that state of life to which it hath pleased God, to call them. We should give them *knowledge*, and teach them also to apply the *power* in doing good:—nothing less will do at the present time. In some places the people ask for knowledge as hungry men craving for bread, and will satisfy themselves if those to whom they

should naturally look neglect their claims ; and, where this is not the case, the business of education is taken up by a set of politicians, who look on human beings as mere particles in a great machine which they would work to serve their own purposes. To stop the current, or to retard it, would be impossible ; and to sit waiting till the rage should have passed or the general thirst for knowledge have been assuaged is an act scarcely less silly.

“ Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis,—at ille
Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.”

It becomes the friends of education, under these circumstances, to use every exertion that those kinds of knowledge which are suitable for the working classes should be freely furnished in conjunction with a judicious moral and religious training.

We shall proceed to declare our meaning a little more particularly with respect to the topics of general instruction, the moral and religious parts of it having been briefly explained a little above ; and here, perhaps, we shall make our intentions better understood by showing from what already exists what we do not mean. An intelligent stranger on entering for the first time a good working model of the national-school system cannot fail to be struck with the admirable order, regularity, and apparent intelligence that pervades the school, as though it were one man ; his curiosity is excited, and he prepares to examine in detail the various components of the teaching machine. No school of this kind, however, can bear a close examination : the whole consists in the following of a certain routine by a large collection of automata that can only say or do what the machinery empowers them ; and, accordingly, a very slight examination of even the most intelligent boys as to their substantial acquaintance with the narrow range of subjects there taught proves incontestibly the hollowness of the scheme.* Children must not be treated as machines, although the arrangements of the school itself should be as perfect and its movements as regular as the most exquisite machinery. No teaching can be good that is not based on the principles of mental development ; and no teacher can be regarded as performing his business efficiently who does not continually regard his pupils as pos-

* “ 1000. Should you say the system of the National Society gives them confused notions? Yes ; I think it gives them nothing else. I do not see how, from the mode of teaching in such schools, the boys could be made anything they wished to be made, or the girls either. If you attend to that system, you will find how little is taught : and the mode of teaching the doctrine of the Church of England, is in a way that cannot make a good impression on the children. 1001. You think that the pupils of the National School Society will never retain a correct knowledge of the doctrines of the Church of England? They never will. 1002. There is nothing in the rules which prevents the fullest explanation of the scriptures? No ; but, if you sit for hours to see how it is done, you will be satisfied of its inutility. Do you mean to say that the system is defective in communicating knowledge, or that the knowledge is such that the children will never attain to a full understanding of it by any system? It is clear to me, that the younger children can have no interest in any particular doctrine, teach it how you will : they may be made submissive, but their understandings are not sufficiently formed for the purpose. And those who are older, excepting in some schools where a particular clergyman is very diligent, they are not likely to attain it. In the great schools of London, the teachers do not inculcate it.”—*Mr. Place's Evidences before the Commons' Select Committee.*

sessed of reasoning faculties which it is his office to discipline by regular and judicious employment. The teacher's first duty then is to teach the children to think; and this is not an easy thing, for it requires much energy, tact, and vigilance, to keep alive, even for a short time, the interests of large masses of boys, such as are sometimes to be seen in active and happy employment under energetic and competent schoolmasters. The infant-school system, when practised by an intelligent and kind master, is admirably calculated to call forth the energies and unfold the faculties of young children; and there are many parts of the plan which may be advantageously transferred to schools for older children. But, let the details of the machinery be what they may, one thing is imperative—the children, however low and uncultivated, must be treated as sentient beings; and the master must descend to the level of the youngest and most ignorant child, in order to succeed in raising it towards his own level. In accordance with what has been thus generally advanced, we recommend such lessons to be given to beginners as shall open their minds and awaken their interest—lessons on easy and familiar subjects, of a nature to exercise the senses and to lead to active thought, such lessons as Miss Mayo's "Lessons on Objects," or even easier (for the easier the better at the outset), as the Useful Knowledge Society's "Exercises for the Improvement of the Senses"—such lessons as these, not however passively communicated by the teacher from a book, but by means of mental intercourse in the way of conversation between the master and his pupil, continually illustrated by pictures of the objects discoursed, or if possible by the objects themselves; and we recommend them to be given to children as either introductory to or in connection with the necessarily dull process of learning to read, which process, by the way, *with a little management*, might be made much less disagreeable than children usually find it at present. To such easy lessons others on general topics might succeed, that would continue the good work of mental development and lead to the acquisition at once of a well-disciplined mind, and of much sound knowledge—lessons on Geography and Arithmetic, of a nature calculated to fix the *willing* attention of the scholars and at the same time to make them understand the common-sense principles, and particularly of the latter, which is scarcely ever taught as it should be, even in seminaries of higher pretensions. Besides what has been suggested already, short readings on the History of England would not be inappropriate to the instruction even of the most humble of our fellow-countrymen, whatever lessons a *true* history of the various events might give on the character and conduct of its greatest politicians.

Such is the course that has been proposed for the children of those persons who wish at the cheapest rate, or who are not able sufficiently to provide for their education—not with the view of raising them above their station, as the enemies of education would insinuate, but in order to make them competent to perform their duties in the best manner, and when they become parents to extend the same advantages to their children. From what has been said it will be sufficiently clear that *intelligent* masters are indispensable. No others can carry these objects into execution; and they must be trained also

to the work in good model-schools under competent superintendents.* But learned masters, men of a station of life far above that of the scholars, are not required, nay, owing to the temptations which such persons have to shoot over the pupils heads, ought to be studiously avoided.† A plain and useful education and a good store of common sense are the points to be desired: training and practice will do the rest. Do objectors say that more is proposed than can be attained in the short time that parents allow for their children's schooling, and that by attempting too much the risk is incurred of teaching nothing thoroughly? Our own great maxim is *learn a little thoroughly*: and it is not unreasonable to suppose that four years—that is the interval between seven and eleven (the average time of leaving the day-school)—are fully sufficient to make the pupil respectably conversant with the leading facts of geography and English history, and to teach them the elements of arithmetic, say the four rules, with their application to money and the weights and measures. The statement here made of what not only can be, but has been, realized on a large scale, will, we are sure, be confirmed by the testimony of intelligent teachers and inspectors of the British schools, and of those formed on the model of the Edinburgh sessional school. Perhaps the greatest obstacle to the adoption of

* On the subject of the training of masters, Dr. Bryce observes: "I consider the education of the masters to be more important than all other elements, on a system of public education, put together." He conceives it to be as absurd to establish a school, without taking care that the master be an intelligent man, who understands human nature, and how to manage the human mind, as it would be to establish a dispensary, and fill its shelves with a store of medicine, and then place it under the superintendence of some weaver or cobbler, who had not been able to procure employment in his own trade. He conceives that a teacher of a school for the poor requires less learning than a teacher of a school for the rich; but he requires more professional skill, because the children of the upper classes, from the circumstances in which they are placed, have greater facilities of acquiring intellectual improvement; the teacher of the children of the poor has to deal with minds which require more skill to bring out their faculties.—*Dr. Bryce's Evidence before the Commons' Select Committee.* Dr. Bryce's Lectures on Education, delivered in town a few weeks ago, were particularly worthy of every teacher's diligent attention. Schoolmasters unfortunately are often too conceited to listen to the instructions of one whom they would fain call a theorist. Dr. Bryce is not a mere theorist.

† Nothing requires more judgment and discretion than the apportionment of the work, both as to kind and degree. Professor Pillans, in his "Principles of Elementary Teaching," makes some very good observations on this subject:—

"It requires a considerable share of judgment—and in this an otherwise accomplished teacher may be greatly deficient—to resist the temptation there is to go beyond what is fit for the present use of his pupils, a temptation likely to be the stronger the more knowledge he himself possesses. And as his own familiarity with the subject before him is on the one hand apt to mislead him into the abstruser parts of it, whither the child cannot follow him, so on the other he is sometimes tempted to feed the vanity of parents, by encouraging a display of attainments in their children which he himself knows to be fallacious. To exemplify this in the instances of the tree and the cart. A teacher would surely be showing more zeal than judgment, if, not satisfied with those obvious characters which the youngest pupil can examine with his own eyes and hands, he should waste his time in describing the process of smelting the iron of which the wheel-ring is made, or even in explaining the reason why it is first heated to redness, applied in that state to the wooden circle, and then suddenly cooled. Nor should I think him better employed, if, instead of making a boy acquainted with the parts of trees, their different species and appearances, and their uses in furniture and machinery, he should descant on the process of fructification, or on the circulation of the sap, and the vessels by which it is conducted."

such a plan as that just marked out, setting aside the prejudices of those who should be the first to engage in the good work, is the scanty supply of good and cheap class-books, which, however, have been very lately well provided by the Irish Board of Education, and at a reasonable rate. Geography should be taught solely by maps, and arithmetic should be explained on the black board, without any other aid except the arithmetical tables. Books on such subjects are made for masters, not for the children.

It may be said that, in the plan thus rather circumstantially laid down, the interests of large communities only are consulted, and that these improvements cannot reach the retired hamlets of the rural districts, where the want is most deplorable. On this head it is only necessary to say that in every parish where a hundred poor children could be found, each able to pay two-pence a week, such a school might be established; and it cannot be doubted that, when the prejudices of the country-clergy and gentry have sunk under the conviction of the superiority of large and good day-schools to the wretched village-schools at present too frequently seen, they will meet with that additional support which wealth and local influence can afford. Let then, the men of influence in different parts of the country—those of the manufacturing as well as the agricultural interest—apply themselves seriously and conscientiously to the enquiry, Is all right? Are the poor happy in their homes and among their families? Are they efficient in their condition as moral beings, as social beings, as beings responsible to God, and having imperishable souls? Is their condition sufficiently elevated? Are their minds sufficiently cultivated for their situation? Perhaps an affirmative may be the reply of some persons. To such, of course, these observations are not addressed. With regard to those who do acknowledge the imperfections, or rather the utter inefficiency of the day-schools, including national schools, scattered over the country for effecting any mental improvement, it becomes a duty no longer to indulge in passive lamentations. The active zeal of a few can kindle into warmth the indifference of hundreds, and their personal exertion can win the pecuniary support of those whose benevolence is less energetic and practical.

And the reward of the philanthropist amid his labour of love will not be small if general success shall be deemed a sufficient one. The little that has been already done—little we say, not as ungratefully disparaging the work, but in comparison with what may and we hope will be done—has had the effect, as may be seen from the prison returns, of diminishing crime in our country—a fact which proves the humanizing effects of education; and from the evidence before the Commons' Select Committee on Education there is just ground for supposing that a very favourable change in the condition of the artizans in large towns has been produced by the establishment of schools and mechanics' societies. There is every promise of success. Perseverance in the good work and an improved management, grounded on a scientific view of education, will not fail of being accompanied by beneficial results in an increased ratio; and it is not too much to hope that not only will there be a gradual decrease of crime, but that in a few years the use of spiritous liquors will be confined to a much

smaller number of persons than at present, that is, to the positively vicious, who will still be found, spite of every humanizing effort, in the highest as well as in the lowest ranks of life. Drunkenness, or rather dram-drinking, very generally proceeds from poverty, and poverty in its turn is the result of idleness or imprudence, both imperfections of character which judicious training must tend to diminish, at the same time that it substitutes for them habits of inappreciable value—application, regularity, and forethought. Can it be a matter of surprise that the labouring man whose mind cannot rise higher than the clods that he has been breaking, and who at most can with difficulty and without intelligence read a few lines in the Bible or the Prayer Book, is it surprising that, like “the school-boy whistling for want of thought,” he should seek the company of his boisterous and rollocking boon-fellows in the skittle-ground and the tap-room? There is the poor man’s ruin effected; he either gambles or drinks his earnings, and on his return to his cottage is met by the intemperate scoldings of a sour wife and by the cryings of a starving family; and thus his home becomes weekly not dearer but more and more abhorred, quitted with pleasure and entered with disgust, by the ignorant and demoralized labourer. Alas! this picture is too true, and too generally true. To humanize, to reform such a population is surely the object of a generous ambition. The establishment of a judicious system of education through the country—education fitted for the labouring classes, such as shall provide means of mental enjoyment and give them a distaste for the gross pleasures of a semi-barbarous state—will be an inestimable blessing to the nation; and, if the government cannot be induced to take up the subject heartily themselves, it is still to be hoped, in this philanthropic age, individuals and societies will stir themselves in promoting the success of a cause which may raise the condition and increase the wealth, happiness, and social comfort of at least five millions of our fellow-countrymen.

A TEACHER.

SONNET.

VEXED with vain thoughts, I anxious haste
 To the green woods and ever-fresh’ning sea,
 That ’mid their myriad echoes I may taste
 Thoughts of a kindred sanctity.
 Yet ’tis not there whence comes the breath
 That bids the spirit to be free;
 ’Tis not from earth, so fraught with death,
 We learn our nobler destiny.
 Then look we to the stars that, scattered round,
 Like beacons pointing to some happy shore
 Of spirit land, amid the far profound
 Of heaven! O, I could dream for evermore
 Of that blest land, and deem the sounds I hear
 Of once loved voices, ’mid the ecstatic swell
 Of angel choirs, calling to those that dwell
 On this dark world to fix their yearnings there!

E. W. G.

M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

THE POLITICIAN AND LITTERATEUR.

"Il tourne au moindre vent, il tombe au moindre choc
Aujourd'hui dans un casque, et demain dans un froc."—BOILEAU.

Among the distinguished characters who figured in the great political drama that has been acting in France during the last forty years, none is so highly entitled to the notice of literary men as M. de Chateaubriand, whether we regard him as a politician or as a man of letters. In the following observations it will be our endeavour to lay before our readers the chief events of his life, and to make *en passant* such strictures on his political and literary character as appears to be justifiable when made by a person who has paid a watchful attention to his conduct during at least twenty years: and with whatever severity we may have commented on some of the vicissitudes of this great man's life, we would in the outset wish our readers to understand that he deservedly holds, and ever must hold, a very high station as a literary man, inasmuch as he is regarded by his countrymen as the true leader of the *romantique* school of French literature. In taking up this subject we have been induced, in great part, by the appearance of a work on English literature, which perhaps, as respects his lasting reputation among really learned men, would have been better suppressed. We proceed to give some account of his life and his earlier and better works, reserving his lately published work for the close of the article.

FRANÇOIS AUGUSTE, VISCOUNT OF CHATEAUBRIAND, the issue of an ancient and noble family of Bretagne, was born in 1769, at Combourg, near St. Malo. At the early age of seventeen he was second lieutenant in the army of Louis XVI. Shortly afterwards, at the beginning of the revolution, he repaired to America, where he passed two years, fully occupied in exploring all the poetic wildness which gigantic nature holds out to view in this new hemisphere; and his vigour and enthusiastic imagination was deeply impressed by the spectacles so sublimely grand and richly varied which this wonderful country continually offered to his view. At this period the classic literature of the seventeenth century was visibly perishing under the redoubled blows of its indiscreet and indefatigable panegyrists. It was admired from motives of respect, but little read or truly valued; for politics then afforded an all-absorbing theme for meditation. The *musked* literature of the eighteenth century had fallen with the Sybaritic luxury and frivolous manners which had given it birth. The philosophy of Diderot and Voltaire no longer excited interest when the priests, who encouraged it by their intolerance and ill-judged fury

against knowledge, were from persecutors become victims of execrable and frightful excesses. The romantic, chivalric, and Christian literature of Europe had, even in the sixteenth century, found its place by the side of that produced in the truly golden ages of Greece and Rome; nevertheless it had not in France taken its proper flight, because the rage for *classicisme* had deprived the poets of their vigour and prevented them from soaring to the heights to which their natural genius entitled them to aspire. It was requisite then to create a literature absolutely new, which would at once form a school and satisfy at the same time the imperious wants of the nineteenth century. Chateaubriand was, in France, the founder of this new system; and, like a second Columbus, he discovered his rich mine of literature in the forests of the new world. Filled with an idea so thrilling and exciting to a young mind just opening to life, and enlightened by the dazzling rays of a brilliant genius, he composed his American poem of "Natchez," which, however, was not published for more than thirty years, its author during a part of the interval having been, so to speak, buried in a kind of *cabane* in England. He carefully avoided writing this poem in verse, although pre-eminently endowed with a talent for poetry; because at that period (1790) poetry had begun to fall into discredit, for the revolution had almost annihilated it—a statement which may be easily understood at present, when, both in France and England, the drama is enacted rather in parliament than on the boards of their theatres. His prose offers all the brilliancy of poetry, without the monotony of rhyme,—more vigorous, dignified, and original than Telemachus. Besides almost all its own positive charms it has none of the faults of that far too highly lauded work. The French revolution broke out in the midst of these lovely and brilliant compositions, and tore this author from his country in order to combat men who dishonoured that liberty that he said he adored. It must be confessed that he chose the longest road to render it homage; for, having disembarked from America in 1792, he rejoined the army of the prince of Condé, whom he accompanied in his two unfortunate campaigns on the Rhine.

Seeing at length the inutility of his efforts to aid the cause of the Bourbons and of his *caste* by his sword, he retired to England, where, during several years he was most painfully situated, and in the course of his stay became a prey also to a lingering fever.* During his residence in London, Chateaubriand published his "Historical Essay on Revolutions," in which he shows himself by turns, in the same chapter, aristocratic or democratic, accordingly as he was wrought on by the cruel malady under whose influence he wrote. It was likewise in England that he completed his famous "Genie du Christianisme," a work more justly celebrated and more generally read than any other of that period; and, if it had appeared before the revolution, it would

* The thought of his family, persecuted and massacred by the butchers who then reigned, made him fall into a profound melancholy which would doubtless have overwhelmed him, if, in the noble hospitality of England, he had not found the most soothing balm to his wounds. At a later period, and in happier times, he paid the debt that he had contracted towards England by proclaiming what he had received of her from THE LITERARY FUND.

doubtless have been condemned to the flames by the Sorbonne. But in 1802, the epoch in which it came out, the clergy, only just escaped from the shipwreck of their order, while they were singing the praises of the consul Bonaparte, who had just formed a compact with them that stripped them of three-fourths of their dearest privileges, thought themselves but too happy to encourage a work which, although treating religion as novel-writers handle history, could not fail at any rate of being a great support to them at the most critical juncture of their affairs. The French clergy confidently trusted that the pen of Chateaubriand would become for them what the sword of Charlemagne had proved to the Romish Church of old—a sword which had been worn out in immolating thousands of Vaudois, Albigeois, and Protestants. It is only just, however, to say that Chateaubriand did not become the tool of the priesthood, but rendered a far greater service to the cause of religion by taking the pilgrim's staff and the device of the troubadour than he could have accomplished if he had entered the lists as its sword-girt champion of the cross.

In the midst of these pious occupations, however, he cultivated elegant literature with success, and encouraged it with liberality: in this respect his conduct merits the highest praise. A short time previous to the events of July he gave in his resignation as the king's ambassador at Rome, not, as many have been simple enough to believe, because he disapproved of the steps of the minister Polignac, who would have substituted absolute power for a constitutional government *selon la charte*, but because he felt a pique, arising from the circumstance that Charles X. had judged him incapable of figuring in this famous conspiracy of the *ordonnances*. During the *grandes journées* he did nothing either for Charles or Philippe, doubtless in the hope of being called to recompose the monarchy.* When, therefore, he saw on the 7th of August, 1830, that France was saved, and saved without him, he became furious, and in his famous or rather *infamous* speech, in which he refused to take the oath of allegiance to Louis Philippe, he proposed nothing less than to cause a second revolution—always supported by the hope of being called to re-organize the broken materials of the government. He struggled like a madman, but in vain; he gained nothing, save his removal from the peerage. His friends were distracted at the ridiculous part he had played in these events. Those who favoured the only order of things at all practicable in such times shrugged up their shoulders at his absurd vanity; whilst the least indulgent hissed him. His next step was to employ his utmost endeavours in order to be persecuted and *exiled* by the new government, whom he furiously attacked; and, being unsuccessful even in this, he at last, when driven to despair, adopted the magnanimous resolution of flying from France and its blind government, and of *exiling himself*, in lieu of receiving the crown of political martyrdom so ardently desired by him, which he too well felt could be no longer gained in that country. In compliance with this notable de-

* "J'ai toujours dans ma poche
L'Aigle ou la fleur de lis."

Chanson sui les Gironettes.

sign, Chateaubriand made his will towards the close of 1830. Before his departure he gave the public some undoubtedly fine historical discourses, "fragments of a complete history, which death has prevented him from terminating"—*Fragments d'une histoire complète que la mort lui empêchoit de finir*!!! This he himself informs us in his posthumous preface. He hoped that all France would rise to oppose his departure to Switzerland, or the other world. How miserably must he have been disappointed: France allowed him to expire quietly, and had it not been for the elegies of the *Journal des Débats*, in which the pretended *defunct* wrote many excellent articles, none would have known of his departure. In this posthumous epistle he has the modesty to compare himself to Herodotus, forgetting that Herodotus, instead of writing a preface longer than an unfinished history, completed his without any preface at all. But the lyric poet *par excellence* of our epoch—*par excellence*, we repeat, because, though endowed with a talent comparable to that of La Fontaine, he seized upon the species of poetry most suited to his anti-poetic age,—Beranger we mean, admirable by his talents and independence, took pity on the *ennui* of the noble exile, and by addressing to him some beautiful stanzas,* furnished him with a fair pretext for returning to his much-longed-for country, which he accordingly seized with the most marvellous avidity.

On his return to France, under the consulate, he published a delightful episode, an illustration of the principles contained in his great work "*Seu le Génie du Christianisme*,"—we mean his charming poem, though in prose, "*Attala*." French literature possessed nothing written either before or subsequently that can be compared with this sublime picture, unless we except the "*Paul and Virginia*" of Bernardin de St. Pierre. Shortly afterwards Chateaubriand became the minister of Bonaparte, whom he then entitled '*l'homme envoyé par la Providence pour le salut de la France*;' but when, at the beginning of the year 1804, Bonaparte caused the Duke d'Enghien to be put to death, Chateaubriand testified his disapproval more nobly than by publishing pamphlets—he gave in his resignation. No longer hoping to accomplish any thing in politics, he again returned to his literary occupations and applied himself to the composition of his favourite work, the poem of "*The Martyrs*," a work which, though better written and more highly finished than most of his other productions, was eclipsed by the greater fame of the "*Génie du Christianisme*," and consequently did not meet with its just reward of public admiration. In order to depict more correctly the scenes that he was about to sing, he set out for Palestine in 1806, passing in his way through Greece. In 1811 the interesting journal of this excursion was brought before the public, under the name of "*Itinéraire de Paris à Jerusalem*," where we also find a eulogium on Napoleon. Did Chateaubriand wish thus to pave the way for his return to the favour of his great master? This "*Itinerary*" is a valuable work, viewed historically, and full of interest for Christians, especially Catholics; but still it is too much spun out, and in some passages there are slight touches of affectation.

* Chateaubriand pour quoi fuir ta patrie, &c.

When he was nominated a member of the Institute, in 1811, he made himself amends for the praise that he had thought fit to bestow on Napoleon, by making a very violent attack on the memory of his predecessor, Joseph Chénier.* At the birth of the king of Rome, in the same year, he saluted, by a panegyric address, "*le berceau chargé des destinées de l'avenir*." At length the restoration of 1814 drew the courtier poet from his false position; he threw himself *à corps perdu* into legitimacy, and he was in all places and unceasingly the panegyrist *par excellence* of the Bourbons and their cause. He discharged against the usurper (who by the way was very far from, after having heroically handled the pike, wrapping himself nobly in the purple) all the thunders of his eloquent philippics.

On Bonaparte's return from Elba, in 1815, he fled to Ghent with Louis XVIII., and was there minister to a king without a kingdom. In the midst of these important diplomatic avocations some booksellers at Ghent insulted him most infamously, by reminding him that he was *an author*, and that too of the first class in his own country. His answer was very different from that of a certain illustrious painter, sent as ambassador, who acted the diplomatist for amusement, whilst painting formed his occupation. It was as follows:—"That he was the minister of his king, and forgot that formerly he had written something as a sort of recreation." On his re-entrance into France in July 1815 with the Bourbons, he was so inconceivably weak as to seek to justify the political massacres made in the south, particularly at Nîmes and at Paris, in the name of the clemency of "the charitable children of St. Louis." This condescension secured to him the title of Peer of France in addition to the honour of being the king's minister. Nevertheless, in 1816, he had the *hardiesse* to admit into his work, "*De la Monarchie selon la Charte*," some propositions which, not being deemed orthodox by his legitimate master, involved him in complete disgrace. The Faubourg St. Germain were indignant at it, and Chateaubriand in vexation hid himself in retreat, hoping by this act to alter the movements of that great and newly restored monarchical machine of which he believed himself to be the main spring. As the case proved eventually to be otherwise, he wrote again; and, in June 1818, he quarrelled with the *Times* newspaper, then the organ of the liberal party, and in this dispute he received a formal *démenti*, the injustice of which, notwithstanding all his eloquence, he could never satisfactorily prove. Under the influence of the stinging blow that had so recently been dealt to him by the English press, he began to attack the press of his own country. These lances broken against the latter in favour of the *lois d'exceptions*, which were destroying it, contributed more than his biography of the unfortunate Duc de Berry to his restoration to court favour.

* Joseph Chénier was a celebrated revolutionary poet. Chateaubriand imagined, as was long generally believed in France, though without foundation, that he caused the death of his brother, André Chénier, a celebrated elegiac poet, by not employing his favourable influence with Robespierre; but it is now known that he refrained only in the hope that the republican tiger, before whom it was impossible to speak in favour of a living being without being put to death, would forget his interesting victim on the eve of the very day that was to witness the fall of the tyrant.

At the birth of the Duc de Bourdeaux he proclaimed him "*l'enfant du miracle*," and was enchanted at being able to produce for the infant prince's baptism, in 1820, the bottle containing the waters of Jordan, which, happily for him, had been missing at the birth of the son of Napoleon in 1811. Shortly after he obtained the *portefeuille* of the minister for foreign affairs, and was soon afterwards necessitated to resume his spurs and once more buckle on his sword, in order, as the representative of a great and free people, to break his lance against Spanish liberty in the tournament of Verona,* where the flower of the crowned chivalry of Europe were then assembled. Notwithstanding his zeal for despotism however, his political blunders occasioned him again to be driven out of the ministry by M. de Villèle, who expelled him from the hotel of the minister for foreign affairs in the most uncereemonious manner, through the medium of a subordinate clerk carrying only a note containing two lines, and without any other formality.

Mocked, deluded, and betrayed by the Bourbons, for whom he had sacrificed all that is held most valuable in the world, Chateaubriand joined the opposition, and became the leader of the liberals in the chamber of peers. Here he distinguished himself by speeches of admirable vigour and eloquence in favour of the liberty of the press, and it is but justice to say that he powerfully contributed to its preservation. The people, who know not on one day the history of the preceding, admired him, praised him to the skies, and attributed to themselves and to their cause all which had been solely inspired by the vexation of having been disgraced and driven from the ministry by M. de Villèle. Power being now beyond his reach, he wrote nobly and eloquently for Greece, which is in reality much indebted to him. Still, however, his writings for the public papers, his defences of the Greeks, and his discourses in the Chamber of Peers, formed a theatre too narrow for his vast genius; and, accordingly not finding himself sufficiently the object of public *monoculte*, he threatened France with his departure, hoping that he might make his country long lament his absence, and eagerly solicit his return. He made his farewell, as if about to depart for the other world, and retired into Switzerland, hoping from thence to hear the sighs of his ungrateful country. During his retirement he busied himself in re-editing a complete set of his works, which he sought to arrange "before the tomb closed over him;" but at length, disappointed at the nonchalance and forgetfulness with which his self-imposed exile had been treated by his countrymen, he returned to Paris in order to add a fresh volume to the edition which had been irrevocably fixed as the last. Charles X., who from the commencement of the liberal ministry of Martignac had thought of once more seizing the sceptre of Louis XIV., sent Chateaubriand to Rome, a commission at which the latter was enchanted, for he thought that he was about to enact a fine part there, and would be sure to cut a fine figure among the monks; and in a short space of time he pronounced the best *capucinades* in the world.

* We allude here to the Congress of Verona in 1823, at which Chateaubriand acted as the French plenipotentiary.

This great poet of modern France, a just admirer of the talents of the author of *Attala*, trusted that he would avail himself of his return to defend the cause of the newly-risen monarchy, or at least would seek to calm the agitation of a country torn by greedy and entirely selfish factions. Judge of Béranger's astonishment and regret at having so unsuccessfully penned his splendid invitation, when Chateaubriand, immediately on his return to Paris towards the end of 1831, set about depreciating the administration of one so capable as M. de Perrier, and in terms so violent that we should blush to repeat them; for on reading this rabid effusion we sincerely believe that vanity had entirely turned M. de Chateaubriand's brain. Since this period he has lived in retirement, and no mention has been made of him, excepting in consequence of an article penned by him on Shakspeare, and published in the *Revue de Paris*—a kind of pseudo-criticism, so entirely anti-Shakspearian that it would seem to have been dictated by Voltaire. In the present day to write against Shakspeare in France is more than a fault—nay, amounts almost to a crime; for he justly inspires there the liveliest enthusiasm and admiration.

After having thus given a brief memoir of Chateaubriand, more particularly as connected with the politics of his country, we address ourselves to the more pleasing task, and one more strictly within our province, of criticising his literary merits as the author of the "Essay on English Literature." This work, to which are appended considerations on the genius, men, and revolutions of his times, proves to us, unfortunately, that M. de Chateaubriand writes at the present day under the influence of necessity; and we need go no further in proof of this than to refer our readers to the last chapter of the work before us for a literal confession, *totidum verbis*, of the fact. Oh! male-suada fames! After reading the work through with attention, we cannot allow that it has been rightly entitled (and it is unconnected, incomplete, and quite unsatisfactory); but still we cannot agree with the sweeping censure and unlimited abuse passed on the author and the book by the reviewer in the *Athæneum* of July last. Our own way of thinking does not fall in with that of M. de Chateaubriand any more than that respectable reviewer's; but in deciding the merits of a literary work we would carefully distinguish the writer from the politician, and not condemn the productions of his imagination because we disapprove of his parliamentary speeches. The reviewer in the *Athenæum* was, apparently, unaware of the fact, which may be fully relied on, and which accounts also for the want of connection between the chapters of the Essay—namely, that the whole is a mass of loose and unconnected fragments, written at different times and thrown aside, which the publisher, partly out of a delicate regard to the author's necessities, partly as a trading speculation, abstracted from him by gentle force, and published in spite of his scrupulous objections. Chateaubriand has been condemned by the English with somewhat of illiberality, not because he has severely criticised the great writers of our country (for he has generally spoken of them with more praise than Johnson, Warton, and other native biographers), but because he, a foreigner, has dared to open his lips on the subject

at all. Of this attack it seems reasonable to suppose that he had some presentiment; for he says somewhere in the course of his work that the people themselves are the only competent judges of works produced in their own country. This admission undoubtedly entitled him to the indulgence of his English critics. Whatever faults Chateaubriand has been charged with, whatever wrong views of particular writers he may have taken, whatever political prejudices he may have allowed to disfigure a purely literary work, he cannot be charged with ignorance of his subject. Every body knows that he passed the greater part of his life in *attempting* to translate Milton. Whether he succeeded or not we do not stop to enquire here, for that would of itself require an extended article. Every one knows also that such a work could not be done respectably without much preparation, without reading and profoundly studying the English writers who lived before and after the singer of *Paradise Lost*. These volumes, loose, vague, and unconnected as they are, furnish nothing else but the very proof that the translator of Milton did not venture on his task without a very considerable stock of materials. Whether he should have risked ruining a justly high reputation by undertaking so difficult a task at all it is not for us to consider. We are not ignorant of the fact that Chateaubriand has inserted portions of his *outré-tombe* mémoires, as, alas! he himself terms them with ghastly merriment, and thus presents himself to our notice like one in full health attending his own obsequies. The publication of the "*Lectures des Mémoires de Chateaubriand*" has brought on him the sneers of the malevolent and moved the pity of his literary advocates in France. That Chateaubriand is a weak man the acts of his life testify. His vanity is clearly discoverable in all his works, and perhaps more in the *Essay* before us than in any other. But it is not fair in educated English writers to charge on Chateaubriand a failure, if it be so, in an attempt that might have daunted the genius of greater minds than are at present to be found on the continent of Europe.

"THE HOUR WHEN KINDRED SPIRITS MEET."

THE hour when kindred spirits meet,
 Harmonious, blends all feelings sweet:
 Our hearts, with sympathetic glow,
 Make the soul's music here below,
 And, emulous of angel's love,
 Swell with the tones of that above!
 Seldom, alas! on earth we feel
 The rapture which such hours reveal;
 Yet, Memory oft, with glistening tear,
 Lingers o'er scenes to her so dear,
 Each hallowed voice she hears again,
 Soft as the wild harp's dying strain'

R. S.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Excursions in Switzerland. By J. F. COOPER, author of *The Spy*, *Pilot*, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. Bentley.

No people of Europe are more restless or more dearly love the sight of other countries than the English. Soon as the summer fairly sets in flocks of these sight-hunters rush to the out-ports and pour their living flood on the continent with a regularity not less remarkable than the periodical visits of the migratory birds. Not even the most retired nook of middle and southern Europe is free from the curious eyes of our countrymen. A few paltry pounds suffice to waft the tourist up the Rhine, and the facilities of steam communication convey him, by way of Mayence, into Switzerland in so short a time that a visit to the land of lakes and glaciers becomes as easy and inexpensive as a trip to the northern lakes. That this extension of national intercourse has been, in some sense, a benefit to all parties we are willing to believe; but the attendant disadvantages have been in some instances so great as to make it extremely doubtful whether or not the evil is balanced by the good. We are not disposed to quarrel with the increase of wealth resulting from an intercourse with wealthy foreigners, because it is necessarily accompanied by the adoption of less simple manners; but we cannot congratulate our continental brethren, and the rural population more particularly, on a very sad moral change which every intelligent observer acquainted with the continent for the last twenty years will agree with us in saying has taken place wherever the English have sojourned, and that too so regularly as to mark with a painful accuracy the track of their journeyings. With our countrymen rests the fault, and a heavy one it is, of tainting the morals of the simple and happy peasantry of France and Switzerland, by the example of conduct which they would blush to exhibit to their countrymen. We speak not of the literary or scientific men who travel with a definite object in view, to ascertain the state of foreign science, or to investigate the natural phenomena of countries,—we speak not of fathers of families who usefully and economically pass the summer months with their beloved circle in the retirement of a Swiss valley,—we speak not of the ardent lover of nature and the true observer of life and manners, who assumes the incognito, travels alone and on foot, mingles with the people, and rejoices in the privilege of seeing their rude but single-hearted and characteristic manners; we allude to that large class of English tourists to whom the leisure from a laborious occupation—legislative, legal, or commercial, matters not—to whom, we say, such leisure brings no repose, but rather a bustling eagerness for an expensive and dissolute holiday-keeping. Travelling with such impatient speed as the quality of the cattle and the obstinate disposition of a native postillion will allow, making a permanent stay only in those populous town where an assemblage of curiosities marked in Mr. Leigh's rubbishing "*Itineraries*" collects a crowd of gapers of the same stamp as themselves, having the same associations, loving the same pleasures, and therefore successfully claiming their society and fellowship, they carry all the vices and prejudices peculiar to our country, rife and rank, into the provincial towns of the continent; first shock the simple natives by their coarseness and moroseness, next seduce them with their purses, and lastly, by their example, work on the imitative propensities of human nature, and permanently lower their standard of morality. Thus baneful, we regret to say, is the moral influence of a large class of English tourists, who, with a disgraceful ignorance of the resources which the father-land supplies to a legitimate love of enquiry, yearly rush to the continent, and show a want of acquaintance with men and

things that makes them the laughing-stock of intelligent foreigners (who, by the way, are too well-bred to show it openly, as we too often do) and a disgrace to their own—the greatest manufacturing and trading nation of Europe, the medium of peaceful communication between all the members of the European confederacy. Some of our readers may think that the matter is overstated, that English travellers are not the selfish, prejudiced, merely sight-seeing race that they are here represented. Our own opinion is before the public—put forth not without a keen and laborious investigation of facts. We ask of those who have gone and *staid* abroad, and in the heart of the continent—not at Paris or Brussels, or those towns where the more artificial manners of society prevail already, but in the south of France, in Switzerland, in southern Germany—are these statements true or false? Has not the increase of foreign intercourse demoralized the rural population of the more accessible and attractive parts of the continent; and, what is more important to us as a professing moral nation, has not our influence, as recognized through our representatives, contributed very largely to produce this baneful effect? *Sub judice lis est.*

After so long and severe a stricture on foreign travel, it becomes us now to perform the duty, which perhaps lies more within our province, of considering the merits of the work in question.

The reputation of the "American Magician"—the man so invidiously put forward by his countryman as the rival of the author of *Waverley*—was so great as to raise a degree of expectation in us which has not only been not realized but has been miserably disappointed. We are aware that the situation of a person who draws on the imagination of himself and his readers, and paints the scenes which his country and his early habits have fixed indelibly on his memory, is widely different from that of the person who faithfully records to a private friend; but when a person whose love of the picturesque enables him to invest the terrors of the ordinary storm at sea with the terrors of a tornado, and to paint so beautifully, so seductively, but yet so falsely, the charms of an American forest, goes abroad, and, with the candid confidence that a friendly communication inspires, talks to us, as an English public, of the Alps, its glaciers, and its passes, of Switzerland, its towns, villages, farm-houses, and *chaléts*, of the people with whom he meets and the travellers whom he passes, we naturally expect something that shall repay the trouble of perusal. We have not been repaid; and we do not think that, if Mr. Cooper had, with the feelings of a poet—and as such we had ever considered him—applied himself to the strict investigation of the Alps, their rivers, valleys, and their passes, we should not have read the crude and unsatisfactory notices which are given in these volumes respecting some of the most celebrated, though, nevertheless, not the finest and most picturesque passes of the Alpine barriers.

Mr. Cooper with his party entered Switzerland by Dijon, Pontarlier, and across the Jura range, made way to Neuchâtel, and thence to Berne, one of the three great entrées to Switzerland known to our travelled countrymen. His first trip to the mountains was to the Oberland Alps along the valley of the romantic Aar, by the lake of Thun, the valleys of Lauterbrunnen, and Grindelwald, as far as the neighbourhood of the Jungfrau, whose highest summit was surmounted the same year that our traveller was in the Alps. He returned by nearly the same route to Berne, whence, in his second excursion, he proceeded northward to the Rhine, Schaffhausen, Lake of Constance, Freyberg, &c. He subsequently visited the Lake of the Four Cantons, Altorf, and other parts of Switzerland. In leaving Switzerland he chose the route over the Simplon. The journal closes on the author's arrival at Milan.

It is perhaps rather unamiable to be severe in noticing the books of a deserved favourite; but from such a man we expected something of the first character, and we have been disappointed. More sober matter-of-fact readers than ourselves may still find much that is worthy of attention in these volumes.

Hase's Ancient Greeks. Translated from the German. Post 8vo., pp. 358. Murray.

THE accomplished Mrs. Austin has placed the literary world under a fresh obligation, in addition to the many favours received by her previous productions; and it is to be hoped that her industry has reaped a more solid reward than the commendations of her reviewers.

The idea that occurred to us on turning over the leaves of this elegant little manual was that the school-boys of the present day are much to be envied by their elders for having their path smoothed by light and easy books like this before us. Without doubt it supplies what had before been a lamentable deficiency, ill supplied by Potter's *Archæologia* and Paul's abridgment of the same work. We ourselves recollect Potter; and certainly never was there book so miserably inefficient, so very unsatisfactory, for the purpose of illustrating the historians or the orators, which last, indeed, cannot be read by the tyro without some assistance in the way of technological explanation.

Dr. Hase (Ph. D. of Dresden) has divided his work into two parts: one illustrating the *heroic age*, and the manners, government, laws, religion, and military establishments of Greece before the decline of the monarchies; the second explaining the social, political, and religious institutions of the *historic age*, in which oligarchy and democracy took the place of absolute rule, and ranged the different states into two parties, the advocates either of oligarchal or democratic sway, the adherents of Athens or Sparta. The manners of the two parties were essentially different one from the other; and they require and receive in Dr. Hase's book a separate description.

We wish this manual all the success which it undoubtedly deserves, and hope to see it very widely diffused through our universities and classical seminaries. A similar book is much wanted to supply the defects of Adam's *Roman Antiquities*. Germany, we believe, can furnish the materials ready to the translator's hand.

Jerningham; or The Inconsistent Man. 3 vols. Smith, Elder, & Co.

THERE are two heroes to this work. The one is a decided advocate for religious establishments, and the "ancient order of things;" the other is the inveterate foe of all religion, and a thorough leveller in politics. He is a disciple of the Shelley school. The author makes the latter state his infidel opinions, and then calls in the other to answer them. What the author's own opinions are on politics or religion is not very clear; but the moral tendency of his work is very doubtful. If Christianity had not more sincere or able defenders than our author, it would fare but indifferently with it. Considered as an intellectual production "Jerningham" is respectable. It is in description the author excels.

Suggestions for obtaining the best Medical Advice at the least possible Expense. Whittaker and Co.

THIS is a small pamphlet consisting of only eight pages; but the subject is one of the deepest importance to the class to whom it is addressed, namely, to those "of a limited income, but respectable station in society." Doctor's bills in all families have, from time immemorial, been the subject of complaint. Any plan, therefore, which would materially reduce their amount without trenching on the quality of the medical advice given is a desideratum of the most important kind. Our author thus introduces the subject:—

"Sickness, at all times the greatest of personal misfortunes, afflicts in a tenfold degree those of narrow income and slender means. The desire of maintaining a decent appearance, and possessing what may be termed the respectabilities of life, is the great national trait of an Englishman's character; and to it may

be traced much of the national importance. In no other country is there such a large mass of what is styled the middle class; and no where is that important part of society so peculiarly characterised by regularity and honesty. Removed above the coarseness of the labouring class, and uncorrupted by the luxuries of the wealthy, its members pass their lives, in most instances, in an unvaried routine, and in unremitting attention to their duties. Their pecuniary resources extend from a bare competency to an income which, carefully managed, may afford all the necessities and some of the refinements of life. Care for their families, one of their most prominent and best characteristics, begets a rigid prudence; and year follows year with the same expenditure. Provision is carefully made for the landlord, the butcher, and the baker—the tailor and the linen-draper have their appropriated portion of the income; and instruction and even pleasure are duly provided for. But one, and that the most important item, is not deliberated upon; it may not come; it is painful to speculate upon;—and no provision is made for sickness and its long train of expenses. ‘The Doctor’ is not provided against: he will be sure to attend when called upon: he is very liberal when engaged: and, in fact, it is a distant evil. But the child sickens, or the stirring housewife and mother is become feeble and nerveless—or the active father, on whom all depends, is prostrated by the burning fever. Then come the hourly draughts; the costly prescriptions; the frequent fee; the daily visit; the nightly visit; and, lastly, the long, but just bill! the fear of which has added to the very evil the anxious patient dreaded. It is true, medical men are in general easy creditors; they will take their demand as is most convenient; often inconvenience themselves rather than their patient: but the day of payment must and does arrive; and sad inroad and havoc is then made on the year’s slender income; an eighth or a sixth of it is gone: and that at a time when the expenditure has been increased, and the means of procuring the income lessened. Involvement is thus often commenced: the exactness of expenditure is destroyed; and an anxious and ruinous state of circumstances is too frequently the result. Those who may think this statement overcharged, have only to observe from what almost imperceptible irregularities and pecuniary embarrassment begins, to acknowledge its correctness.”

The author of this little pamphlet purposes to remedy or alleviate the evils in question by forming an association, the objects of which shall be to

“1. Prevent sickness by timely treatment.

“2. Procure the best medical advice at the most reasonable and easy rate; and

“3. To make such arrangements as shall give the Profession an interest in promoting health rather than sickness.

“To secure these desirable results, the following means are suggested:—

“1. To form a Medical Establishment or Board, on the principles of the common Dispensaries; but as it will not be established for charitable purposes, but with the full intention of liberally rewarding professional talent, a greater control than is usual at such institutions to be vested in the subscribers, who will be in the same situation as private patients, *paying*, though in a different way, for attendance and medicine.

“2. This Board to consist of such functionaries as shall be found necessary; including one or more eminent physicians; one or more eminent surgeons; and practising and visiting medical men of approved ability; together with an establishment for the purchasing and compounding, at the cost prices, the most genuine medicines.

“3. The expenses thus occasioned to be defrayed by annual subscriptions, the amount of which is to be based on the outlay; which shall be such as to afford a liberal remuneration to medical ability, but no profit on the medicines, they being compounded and dispensed from prescriptions by a servant of the institution, who is to be paid by salary.

“4. Such regulations to be made as, on a full examination of the circum-

stances and statistics of the case, may be required. The chief aims being that advice for prevention of disease shall be had by periodical visits: and that the best and most prompt attention shall be secured on being attacked by sickness, without any immediate outlay, or increased annual expenditure."

The author concludes by stating the advantages which would result from such an institution under three heads: namely, the advantage to the individuals; the advantage to the medical profession; and the advantage to the public. He says,

"The advantage to individuals is the primary object in view, and consequently includes most points. The chief benefits will be,—the procuring the best advice at the least cost,—the being relieved from any additional expenditure at the time of sickness, and all its anxieties,—the having the best medicines administered in the best manner, and from the purest motives,—the security of having no more medicine than is absolutely necessary, nor any other treatment than is requisite, it being the interest of the medical attendants to keep the books as clear of patients as possible, they having no interest in useless attendance or in the sale of the drugs,—the having periodical attendance, so that the first approach of diseases may be perceived and prevented. This last is a most important point, as it is well known that a greater proportion of the severe diseases terminate seriously, and often fatally, from the want of timely remedies. Those engaged in business too often defer having advice from prudential motives; and all are unwilling to contemplate a sick bed, however obvious it may be that 'prevention is better than cure.'" Several minor advantages will present themselves in the working out the scheme, such as the joint use of expensive apparatus, baths, &c.

"The advantages to the profession are—the certainty of ability gaining a remuneration, without, as is too often the case, having to mingle the anxieties of the tradesman with the practice of a profession,—the formation of new schools for the promulgation of medical science, by the extension of the field of professional observation,—the removal of the possibility of incurring the accusation of venal motives in the application of remedies,—the consequent destruction of unfounded prejudices against the profession, and the dissemination of sounder opinions of medical requisites,—the avoiding the risk of bad debts, a contingency to which medical practitioners are more liable than any other,—the formation of certain scales of professional incomes, which may regulate the entrance into the profession, and give a more equal and beneficial employment to all members of it.

"The advantages to the public are many of them included in those appertaining to individuals and the profession; in addition to these, however, will be found several which would benefit even those who did not belong to such institutions: the chief of these are—the removal of vulgar prejudices against medical science, and the dissemination of sounder opinions as to it, and the consequent destruction of empiricism,—the improvement of medical science by the inducements held out by the offices to be filled, and by the competition and rigid examination requisite to procure them,—the improvement of the public health, and probably morals, by the means thus given of preventing not only ordinary disorders, but the spread of those which are contagious,—the formation and distribution of boards of medical ability, the consultation and concentration of which, in any particular times of pestilence or peculiar sickness, and whose knowledge at all times must be most serviceable."

Tales of a Rambler. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS is a handsomely got up volume. It is illustrated by various beautiful etchings. The literature is also respectable. It is well written; but the author does not always infuse enough of spirit into it to ensure the reader's attention. The characteristic of the tales is a fluent rather than forcible style of diction.

The Church and Dissent considered in their Practical Influence.
By EDWARD OSLER. 12mo. pp. 266. Smith and Elder.

THE time has arrived when a change in the ecclesiastical arrangements of the country is absolutely required. We are not advocates of the dissenters who wish to pull down the church of England and replace on its ruins the many-headed hydra of sectarianism; nor on the contrary would we venture to defend every part of our church-institutions from the strictures of our dissenting brethren. Peace and amity may still be maintained, and that too without lowering the condition and station of the establishment. But we see little good sense in denying that evil is to be found in it, and a total want both of good-sense and charity in decrying every thing that does not fall in with our own views. Mr. Osler has, we doubt not, been influenced by right motives in sitting down to write the volume before us; and it would have been well if he had been more temperate in the execution. Neither party can gain any thing by an indiscriminating abuse of their opponents.

Church Review and Scotch Ecclesiastical Magazine. No. III. & IV.
Fraser, Edinburgh. Smith and Elder, London.

THIS periodical which seems to be the organ of the national church of Scotland is conducted with much ability. The numbers before us are fully equal if not superior to their predecessors. Two papers are of particular interest: one on the study of Hebrew literature in Scotland, a subject of the first importance to the educated clergy of any Christian church; the other on the connection of geology with the Mosaic record, a subject surrounded with many difficulties, and a question of some importance.

If the Scottish Church Review continues to be conducted with the good sense and sound discretion apparent in the numbers before us, it cannot fail of winning the support of our religious brethren north of the Tweed.

Science of Etiquette. Glasgow. J. Reid.

IN a world where every person acted on honest motives and was wholly guided by truth and sincerity etiquette would be justly despised. In the present state of things, in which evil so much preponderates over good, the observance of its rules is absolutely necessary to the peace of men moving in society; and this book consequently, as containing a code of conventional politeness, is worthy of attention. The writer is evidently a gentleman and a person of some talent; and the little that we see of him in this very little volume induces us to hope that his next literary effort will be of a more exalted nature.

Lardner's Cyclopædia. Mackintosh's History of England continued.
Vols. IV., V., VI. Longman.

THE work which was so sadly terminated by the death of the illustrious author has been resumed by a gentleman whose talents seem fully equal to a task made the more difficult from having been begun by such a man as Mackintosh. The continuator has evidently not contented himself with taking facts for granted without research; for his work bears evident marks of severe and original investigation. His political principles are of a liberal character, but not so strong as to bias his fair judgment of the merits of historical personages; and his style of treating the subjects that successively invite his attention shows that he is perfectly at home and can handle them with the touch of a master.

We should feel much pleasure in canvassing more particularly the merits of some political questions discussed in these volumes; but we must refrain.

The following defence of the much-slandered Cromwell will not have been made in vain, if the reader shall experience any thing like the pleasure felt by us in its perusal:—

“The passions of all parties were enlisted against his memory. Royalists and presbyterians would revile him as a rebel and traitor; republicans, as a usurper and regicide. He was slandered in every trait of his character, and every action of his life. But the supremacy of his talents has stood unquestioned and alone. He was acknowledged by all to have been a soldier of the first order, and the greatest genius of his time in the art of government.

“His early irregularities, greatly exaggerated,—his melancholy imagination and temperament in his youth, the former reformed, the latter strengthened and brightened by religious enthusiasm as well as by reason and by the principles of morality,—have been alluded to in every notice of his life. A contemporary has recorded with graphic force his first appearance, sitting in the house of commons: his slovenly dress; his awkward sword; his plain hat; his unpretending band, with the ominous red spot (imaginary or real); his uncouth features; his harsh tones; the rude energy and contagious fervour of his elocution. The same writer, again as an eye-witness, has described him at a more advanced period of his life and fortunes, supporting the character and wearing the robes of sovereignty with majesty and comeliness of deportment and countenance. It was the consequence and the proof of his having been but raised to his proper place among men, his natural station in the scale of human intelligence. Another eye-witness has described his person and character with a friendly but not unfaithful hand: his frame compact and vigorous; his stature five feet ten inches; ‘his head so shaped that you might see in it a storehouse of a vast treasury of natural parts;’ his glance penetrating; his look, when he chose, engaging and mild, or commanding and stern; his temper fiery, but subdued by reason and discipline; his heart full of courage, but compassionate and tender as that of a woman; ‘his soul so large as hath seldom dwelt in a house of clay.’ Of his magnanimity the evidence is most decisive. Constantly menaced with assassination by his enemies, and a murderous price set upon his life by Charles II. in a proclamation, he yet disdained to avenge himself upon the forfeit-lives of assassins within his power. The sentiment of vengeance seems to have vanished in the fearless and superior grandeur of his views. How great his force and generosity of soul who in the course of a life of constant peril from the brave in the field, and the secret and greater danger from hating and hireling private murderers, never lost his resolution or his humanity!

“But it is as a master of the art of government that the reputation of Cromwell appears in its full glory. The proudest courts and the proudest nations bowed before the supremacy of his genius and powers. It has been remarked by English writers that his reputation was exaggerated abroad because foreigners were not acquainted with the defects of his domestic government. They naturally judged him by his foreign policy; and that policy which overcame every prejudice against a regicide and a usurper, which raised the nation by a rapid movement from the lowest debasement to the highest rank, must have been pre-eminent in wisdom and force.

“The domestic government of Cromwell has been censured with some reason. There is a want of that creative power, that legislative genius, which calls into existence a political system capable of surviving its author. He has been described as essentially a man of immediate action rather than of grand prospective conceptions or comprehensive views. It is certain that in governing three nations he seemed to rely wholly or too much upon his own personal direction and control. Every impulse, movement, and restraint proceeded from his hand. His government wanted systematic order, and the consequent inherent force. But had Cromwell time, with his most intractable materials, to construct a great system of political government, which could be brought to act in his life-time, and survive him for the benefit of mankind?

To answer this question in the negative it is only necessary to recall to mind the state of parties, royalist, presbyterian, and republican, the temper of his very army, upon which he must have mainly depended, and the short and troubled period of only five years from his usurpation to his death.

"Even from expressions which fell from him, and which have been before alluded to, it may be inferred that he entertained great designs, which should redeem his usurpation and reconcile him to his country. There are strong glimpses of them visible in his administration. It is obvious, even in his violences to parliaments and his nomination of that called Barebones', that it was his purpose to arrive gradually at a system of government by free parliaments regenerated. There are in his various institutes of government many just and profound views of civil and parliamentary liberty, and the sacred principle of religious liberty was carried by him as far as it could have been carried in his age.

"It is true that prelacy and popery were excluded from the pale of legal toleration. But Whitelock, Baxter, and Bates have borne indisputable testimony to Cromwell's reluctance in complying with the ordinances of parliament against the observance of religious festivals and the reading of the book of Common Prayer, and to the indulgence with which he more than connived at other proscribed forms and observances. To catholics, who were more obnoxious and feeble, and therefore more open to be oppressed, he was singularly tolerant. He received Sir Kenelm Digby, a catholic, with distinction at Whitehall; he rescued many catholics from imprisonment and confiscations; he gave protections under his hand and seal to Romish priests—an unchristian scandal, according to the presbyterian Prynne; and he contemplated an arrangement with the pope for the residence of a bishop of the church of Rome in England to preside over the religious communion of the catholics. His principles of toleration were so far in advance of his age as to embrace the Jews. Menasseh Ben Israel, a trading Jew of Amsterdam, came over to solicit from Cromwell freedom both of religion and trade, and was received with the utmost liberality. The protector summoned an assembly of divines, lawyers, and merchants, to consider how the religion, laws, and commerce of England would be affected by giving Jews a legal toleration. The assembly could not come to an agreement, the business was abandoned, and the rabbi deputy was dismissed by Cromwell with a present of 200*l*.

"To make the lawyers subservient to his ambition through their grovelling interests he sacrificed his designs of law reform, but would doubtless have resumed them had he lived. A mind so vigorous as his, untrammelled by authority or prescription, would have conferred benefits beyond calculation, by the fearlessness with which he would have touched abuses and obliquities in that branch of social economy, into which so many interests and passions conspire to introduce obliquity and abuse, and upon which, notwithstanding, social virtue and civilization are most dependent.

"Cromwell is said to have wanted not only eloquence, but common facility and propriety of expression. His speeches and letters are, it is true, mystical, obscure, and involved, but only in situations where he used words for the concealment, not for the communication, of his thoughts. He who was able by his conversation to mould to his purposes such men as Broghill, Ludlow, and Lambert, must have possessed the art of persuasion in the highest degree; and his letters to the governor of the castle of Edinburgh prove that, when he would express frankly what he really felt, his style was not deficient in vigour or perspicuity.

"But, supposing him to have neglected personally the accomplishments and graces of cultivation, he yet appreciated and encouraged genius and merit in literature, philosophy, and the fine arts. He rescued the two universities and the general course of the education of youth from being over-run by the fanaticism and Judaism of those who looked upon the Mosaic law as the only requisite rule of conduct, and the Bible as the only book which

should be saved from the flames. He founded a college at Durham for the more convenient education of the northern English youth. The library of archbishop Usher was purchased and presented by him to the university of Dublin; and he presented valuable manuscripts to the university of Oxford, of which he was chancellor. The learned Usher was pensioned and honoured by him. Milton was the corresponding foreign secretary to his council. Hartlib, now remembered only as the friend of Milton, a native of Poland, whose life was devoted to one of the greatest interests of mankind—education, Andrew Marvell, Cudworth Pell, were pensioned, employed, or patronised by him. A secretaryship is said to have been offered by him to the famous sophist of Malmesbury. Waller was his kinsman and friend, and his praise lives in the verses of Milton, Waller, and Dryden.

“The drama, the most popular and enchanting of the fine arts, was condemned not so much by the protector as by the spirit of the age. He is described by two royalist chroniclers of the time as a great lover of music, and liberal to all who cultivated that and any other art. It is apparent from a conversation with him recorded by Whitelock that he was no enemy to the accomplishments and recreations of social intercourse. The arts cling with a parasite adhesion to the luxuries of a court, and upon the ruin of Charles I. they, for the most part, expired or fled. There are therefore but few painters, and no sculptors or architects. Robert Walker, a contemporary of Vandyck, was Cromwell’s chief painter, and made several portraits of him, some few of which escaped the poor vengeance of the restoration upon his image and his remains. The engravers Blondeau, Violet, and especially Simon, were employed and distinguished. The achievements of the protector and the commonwealth, which it was the custom to commemorate by medals, gave opportunity and occupation to the graver.

“Cromwell had the virtues and affections of private and domestic life. As a son, husband, father, friend, his heart was full of tenderness, generosity, and faith.”

British Colonial Library. By R. M. MARTIN. Vol. III. Southern Africa. 18mo. Mortimer.

THE Cape of Good Hope, though not the richest, is one of the most thriving of our British colonies. Its superficial area is not less than 200,000 square miles, and its coast line is upwards of 1200 miles. It was first discovered by Bartholomew Diaz, in 1487, and called by him Cabo dos Tormentos; but the sanguine hopes of happy results from the discovery induced John II. of Portugal to call it *Cabo de Bonne Esperanze*. Ten years after, Vasco de Gama doubled the promontory, and reached Malabar. The English took formal possession of the Cape in king James’s name, in 1620; but, as no settlement was formed by them, the Dutch government in 1650 sent out a small colony, and retained possession of the post for 180 years. The independent feeling induced by the French revolution infected even the distant colony of the Cape; and they would, probably, have succeeded in establishing their independence, if the British government, in 1795, had not taken up the matter and sent an armed force, who obliged the people to capitulate. The Cape then became an English colony; but at the peace of Amiens it was again given up to the Dutch. In 1806, our government, seeing the indispensability of the possession of the Cape to the maritime interests of England, sent out a force under Sir David Baird and Sir H. Popham, which soon obliged the colonists to surrender in favour of the rights of England. Since 1806 the Cape has been a British colony. Of all the governors who have had the management of the Cape none seems entitled to so high praise as the Earl of Caledon, whose firm but temperate and Christian-like government has contributed more than any other favouring cause to alleviate the miseries and improve the condition of the native and colonial population.

We make a short extract on the general geography of the Cape, as well to furnish information as to give some general notion of the work before us:—

“Southern Africa is generally composed of chains of lofty mountains and intervening plains and valleys, extending east and west, excepting one range beginning at Table Bay, opposite to Cape Point, and stretching to the northward along the western coast about 200 miles, which is as far as Olifant's River.

“The first great chain running east and west has, along the southern coast, a belt of undulating land, varying from ten to thirty miles in width, indented by several bays, and intersected by numerous streamlets; the soil is rich, the hills are well wooded, and the climate equable and mild, from its proximity to the ocean.

“The next great chain is the Zwaarte Bergen, or *Black Mountains*, more lofty and rugged than the coast chain (in some places consisting of double and treble ranges), and divided from it by an interval from ten to twenty miles wide, the surface of which is very varied, in some places barren hills predominating, in others naked and arid plains of clay, termed by the colonists the *karroo*, while widely interspersed are patches of well watered, fertile, and beautiful grounds.

“The third range is the Nieuwveld's Bergen. Between these mountains and the second range is the Great Karroo, or Desert, an elevated steppe or terrace, nearly 300 miles in length from E. to W., eighty in breadth, and 1000 feet above the sea, exhibiting a clayey surface, thinly sprinkled over with sand, studded with occasional isolated hills, with here and there a few stunted shrubs which seldom receive a friendly shower.

“Along the western coast the country also ascends in successive terraces, the most elevated of which (the Roggeveldt) unites with the last-mentioned chain of mountains, the Nieuwveldt. Indeed the Roggeveldt Bergen range may be said to commence in nearly 30 S. latitude, running nearly south for two and a half degrees, when its course is bent to the E. and subsequently to the N.E., until the range reaches Delagoa Bay, that part of it forming the north boundary of the Great Karroo, being termed Nieuwvelds Bergen.

“At the most southern extremity there are several eminences, the heights and names of which are Table Mountain, feet 3,582; Devil's Peak, 3,315; Lion's Head, 2,760; Lion's Rump, 1,143; Muyzenberg, about 2,000; Elsey Peak, 1,200; Simon's Berg, or Signal Hill, 2,500; Paulusberg, 1,200; Constantia, 3,200; Cape Peak, 1,000; Hanglip Cape, 1,800 feet.

“I rode to the summit of Cape Peak in 1825. The surface was covered with piles of huge stones, loosely thrown together, as if giants had been at play. The cliff was so perpendicular as to prevent my descent, except at some distance from the point; but I had an opportunity of sailing almost underneath this singular promontory in his Majesty's schooner *Albatross*, in 1823, when we ran inside the “Bellows Rock,” on our passage from Table to Simon's Bay. I scarcely know whether my feelings were more excited in the latter situation, or when viewing the vast expanse of the Indian and Atlantic Oceans from the wild and desolate extremity of Southern Africa.

“But the most conspicuous feature of these lofty ranges is *Table Mountain*, the north front of which, directly facing Cape Town, presents nearly a horizontal line of two miles in length, rising to the height of 3,582 feet above the level of Table Bay, with a plain at the summit of about ten acres in extent. In front are two wings—the Devil's Mountain, 3,315, and the Lion's Head, 2,760 feet, which evidently at one time formed a continuation of the table, the summits being washed away by torrents and the crumbling hand of time, the base is still attached to the “Table” at a considerable elevation. The Devil's Mountain is broken into irregular points, but the upper part of the Lion's Head is a solid mass of stone, rounded and fashioned like a work of art, and resembling, it is thought, in some points of view, the dome of St. Paul's, placed on a high cone-shaped hill.

"This is Mr. Barrow's opinion, but though I visited Table Tay several times, and rode on horseback to the summit of the "Table," I could not see the resemblance alluded to. The ascent on horseback I was induced to attempt from hearing so much of the difficulty of the enterprise. Owing (under Providence) to the kindness of a Dutch gentleman, who lent me one of his best-trained horses and accompanied me, I safely accomplished the undertaking. Sometimes the road or path wound round a shelving mountain, or along the verge of a precipice where there was not room for two animals to pass, and down whose fearful chasms I durst not look. At other times it lay across huge loose rocks, adown and up whose steep and slippery sides my noble steed trod with the steadiness and security of a chamois. Frequently was I obliged to grasp his neck when clambering up these dangerous precipices, where a false step would have hurled horse and rider to the bottom of yawning ravines, if perchance they had not been intercepted mid-way by some impending rock, and dashed to atoms in descending from ledge to ledge. But when I gained the summit, and sat astride on my horse nearly 4,000 feet above Cape Town, the perils of the ascent were forgotten; well might I exclaim with the immortal bard,—

"How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her cock.

The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high."

"In fact the fishermen did not appear so large as mice; they were mere black dots on the minute tracery of lines which Cape Town exhibited. The descent was more perilous than the ascent, as the "table cloth" was spreading rapidly. Ladies have ascended to the top of the mountain from the cleft or gorge at Cape Town.

"The bold face of Table Mountain is supported by a number of projecting buttresses that rise out of the plains, and fall in with the front a little higher than midway from the base. The east side is the most elevated, and some points are estimated at 4,000 feet; the west side, along the sea shore, is rent into deep chasms topped by many pointed masses. About four miles to the southward, the elevation of the mountain is diminished by terraces, the lowest of which communicates with the chain that extends the whole length of the peninsula.

"On first viewing this singular-looking mountain from the bay, it appears like the ruined walls of a gigantic fortress—the front divided into three sections, a curtain flanked by two bastions; the former is separated from the left bastion by a deep chasm, which is about three quarters of a mile in length; the perpendicular cheeks at the foot 1,000 feet high, and the angle of descent forty-five degrees. At the entrance the chasm is about eighty feet wide; but it gradually converges until it is not more than a few feet at the portal, which opens on the extensive flat summit.

"Cape Town, built immediately at the foot of Table Mountain, along the shores of Table Bay, on a plain which rises with an easy ascent towards the mountain, is regularly constructed, with straight and parallel streets intersecting each other at right angles, and shaded with elm or oak trees; the houses chiefly of red brick or stone, of a good size, and generally with a *stoup*, or terrace, before the door, shaded with trees, beneath which the English as well as Dutch inhabitants delight to lounge by day, sheltered from the fervid rays of the sun, or to inhale the freshness of the evening breeze.

"The population of the metropolis of South Africa is at present more than 20,000, of whom upwards of 10,000 are white inhabitants—the majority being Dutch, or of Dutch descent. With the exception of Sydney, New South

Wales, there is a more English appearance about Cape Town than any colonial station I have visited. The squares are well laid out, the streets extremely clean, the public edifices numerous and substantial. Throughout the week there is a continued busy hum of industry; and, on the Sabbath morn, the melody of the church going bell, and the groups of well-dressed individuals flocking to their respective places of worship, may readily induce the traveller to forget that he is on the southernmost extremity of Africa.

"The Castle, situate on the left of the town (entering from Table Bay), is a strong fortification commanding the anchorage, and, if well defended, capable of successful resistance against any force which may be brought against it. The fortress is pentagonal, with a broad fosse and regular outworks. It contains within its walls most of the public offices, and barracks for 1,000 men. There are other works defending Cape Town. Fort Knokke, on the east, is connected with the castle by a rampart called the sea-lines; and further east is Craig's tower and battery. On the west side, and surrounding the Lion's Rump, are Rogge, Amsterdam, and Chavonne batteries, all bearing upon the anchorage. The entrance of the bay is commanded by a battery, called the *Mouillé*.

"The colonists are indebted to the paternal sway of the Earl Caledon for the laying down of hydraulic pipes, by means of which a plentiful supply of excellent water is furnished to every part of the town, and ships' boats are supplied at the landing place with a beverage which, even after many months keeping at sea, I found equal to that of the Thames."

Mr. Martin's work, so far as we have had leisure to examine it, is well worthy of public notice. The Author has not, by these smaller publications, injured the reputation which his larger work on the colonies has so justly won for him.

Notes of a Ramble through France, Italy, Switzerland, &c. By a Lover of the Picturesque. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THIS volume is respectably written, in so far as mere composition is concerned, but there is nothing but words in it. There is, as Falstaff would have said, "a most plentiful lack" both of incident and of sentiment. The work is made up of the most common-place circumstances—of the merest trifles. What could have induced the author to "go to press" we cannot divine. We should think, however, the success of this effort at authorship will not be such as to encourage him to make a second attempt "in a hurry."

Diary of a Desennuyée. 2 Vols. 8vo. Colburn.

WE have often in society heard the question asked "who wrote the Diary of a Desennuyée?" and with such empressement that we were led to suppose ere we read the book that it must be a second Waverley. The work is not entirely without merit. Many of the lady's remarks on society are caustic and satirical, and she is evidently in her own circle a person of distinguished abilities. It is still very questionable whether the authoress would add to her private reputation by the abandonment of her literary incognito. The first volume is chiefly an account of the gay widow's London season; the second describes her introduction to the beau monde of Paris. The French fashionables must be pre-eminently silly people, if they are half so silly as those represented by the Desennuyée.

Such books as those before us will we suppose always obtain the support of a certain class who prefer namby-pamby common-place and scandal to the genuine productions of the imagination: and the reviewer has fully discharged his duty by entering his protest against the whole system. A short time ago the Quarterly Review passed a sweeping censure on the novels of France: it would not be difficult to write an article equally severe and more to the point on the novels of our own country. We may perhaps revert to the subject.

A Trip to Rome at Railway Speed. By T. BARLOW. 18mo. pp. 428. Hamilton and Adams.

As we have before, in reviewing Cooper's *Switzerland*, deprecated the practice of fast travelling, we need say nothing on the score in noticing a work whose writer boasts in the preface that *the same tour* (up the Rhine and through Wertemburg and Bavaria and across the Tyrolese Alps into northern Italy and so to Rome, returning by Milan and over the Simplon through Switzerland and France) *has never been accomplished in so short a time*. To have done all this in two months may be a subject of congratulation to a private individual whose time of leisure is limited, but when an author writes for public instruction something more is expected than the hurried scribbles of a diary written in a caliche or a diligence. We must not, however, be ill-natured with the author of this volume. His aim has not been very ambitious. As an easy *dégagee* kind of narrative this book deserves some little attention, and the hints given about travelling expenses are occasionally very good. In order to give the reader a notion of the author's style of description we extract a portion of the chapter on Venice.

"August 7th. Thomas Moore has beautifully written as follows:—

" " If you would save some dreams of youth
From the torpedo touch of truth,
Go not to Venice—do not blight
Your early fancies with the sight
Of her true, real, dismal, state.
Her mansions closed and desolate,
Her foul canals, exhaling wide
Such fetid airs as, with those domes
Of silent grandeur by their side,
Where step of life, ne'er goes or comes,
And those black barges plying round
With melancholy plashing sound,
Seem like a city where the pest
Is holding her last visitation,
And all ere long will be at rest—
The dead sure rest of desolation."

"Poetically beautiful and strictly correct are the lines above quoted; though, when we first looked out upon the view from the dining-hall of our hotel, we thought that the desolation of Venice had been too much talked of and written about. The dining hall is a very large, lofty, airy room. It is adorned by several fine casts from the antique and some original marble busts of great merit. Two, the laughing philosopher and the lachrymose one, are worthy of a conspicuous place in any of the celebrated collections on the continent. From the windows of the hall which look upon the harbour and quay, once crowded with the vessels and merchandize of all quarters of the globe, very few vessels are now to be seen. A solitary man of war, stationed here more for appearance' sake than ought else by the Austrian government, the Trieste steamer, and a few merchantmen, now indicate that Venice is still a port; and the swarm of country boats, which arrive every morning with cargoes of fruit and agricultural produce, prove that Venice imports the necessities of life for the consumption of its inhabitants: more cannot be now said of the once proud queen of the Adriatic and its departed mercantile glory. On the quay a busy scene is yet enacted, especially in the cool of the morning. The dealers in fruit, and the water-carriers with their shrill cry of *aqua, aqua fresca*, keep up a continual tumult, and give an appearance of business on a REDUCED scale. A continual stream of persons throughout the day pass and repass on their way to and from the place of St. Mark's, which is the Regent

Street of Venice. The numerous gondolas, which are constantly gliding on at a rapid speed on the fine and open expanse of water in front of the hotel, leave one no occasion to regret the absence of the omnibus, coach, or cab. There are no coaches in Venice, nor even horses, none being necessary. Every street is accessible by water, and the gondolas, of which there are thousands, form a delightful, easy, and swift mode of communication. The distant land of the Lido, the barrier of the Adriatic, was pointed out to us on the left, and the church of St. Marie de la Salute with its beautiful cupola on the right; many other pleasing objects are seen from the hotel. The absence of the stench, so unpleasant from the canals, renders an additional reason why such a situation should be chosen as the temporary abode of visitors, who wish to have a central situation, and one divested of the many drawbacks which must be found elsewhere.

"The far-famed Piazza of St. Mark presents at one view a very interesting combination of objects. From the centre of the open space on entering it are seen the following objects:—In the piazzetta, or smaller place, are the two lofty granite columns brought thither by one of the doges on his return from the Holy Land, in the twelfth century; one is surmounted by the figure in marble of St. Theodore, high in repute in the calendar, and the other by the winged lion, removed to France in the wars of the republic, and at Paris ornamenting the Hôtel des Invalides: at the restoration of the Bourbons it was RESTORED to Venice. The restoration of the lion has been more permanent than the other. The ducal palace and the cathedral of St. Mark, in themselves a host, will have further mention. In the larger piazza is the Campanile, rendered immortal by the observations of the star-gazer, Galileo.

"Around three sides of the extensive area of the piazza, are the buildings now converted into shops, &c. screened by a covered gallery, which is the lounge of the city. The principal cafés are the Florian and the Fenice. Milliners' shops (I beg their pardon), artistes des modes, are in such abundance as to convince one that the fashions are not neglected by the Venetian fair ones. The print shops furnish their quota of amusements: the specimens of art displayed there are, in general, of a superior description. We entered the ducal palace, which flanks the quay and the smaller piazza. It was built in time of the doge Marino Faliero, of Byronic fame. From the bronze cisterns in the court some noisy girls were drawing water of a questionable quality. A multitude of statues adorn the exterior. We ascended the giant's staircase, and STARED at the colossal figures (the Gog and Magog of Venice) from which it derives its name. On the landing-place at the top of the staircase, in days of yore, the doges of Venice were crowned by the senior councillor. The council-hall, now the library, is a very large apartment, tenanted by statues, paintings of Venetian exploits, portraits of their rulers, a great number of pigeons, which fly about at pleasure, students, bookworms, and visitors from all parts of the world. My space will not allow me to descant upon the treasures of art contained in this and the adjoining room, about which a volume might be written. Near the entrance is Tintoretto's largest easel-painting "the Glories of Paradise," containing a vast number of figures in various postures, depicting pleasure and adoration: the whole in a good state of preservation. Our guide did not fail to draw our attention to that strange morceau of sculpture, the Leda: in no public collection in our own land would such a work be allowed to remain exposed to public gaze. Many other strange freaks of art there exhibited will reward the curiosity-seeker. The walls of the apartment are adorned by upwards of twenty paintings by Tintoretto Paul Veronese, Palma, Bassano, &c.; the pope blessing several of the doges on their departure on warlike missions is the subject of many of them: the conquests of the Venetians at Constantinople, and over the Genoese, and the Emperor Otho and Barbarossa his son are strikingly depicted. I shall only particularize two paintings of great merit; one is the veteran Doge Henri Dandolo, at the siege of Constantinople, in 1203, then above ninety years old,

fighting at the head of his soldiers, and though nearly blind, performing prodigies of valour, painted by Palma; and the other, the assault of Zara by sea and land, painted by Vicentino, containing one of the finest horses that can be found on canvas. Above these heart-stirring reminiscences of the olden exploits, are the portraits of the Doges of Venice, upwards of seventy in number. The portrait of one is wanting, that of Marino Faliero; the space which it should have occupied presents a black tablet, on which is painted in white letters, "*Hic est locus Marini Falethri decapitati pro criminibus,*" The apartment adjoining to the council-hall contains a great number of paintings on the walls and ceiling, of a similar cast to those before mentioned. We made a cursory survey of the council-chambers appropriated to the sittings of the select ten, and the more powerful three, in whose hands were placed the lives and fortunes of the whole population of Venice. In passing through these chambers, how many thoughts came over us of the modes of accusation, the forms of trial, and the blood-thirsty decisions of which this place was the scene. The lions' mouths, into whose jaws of stone were dropped the anonymous accusation sufficient to cause the arrest of the suspected parties, the small chamber hung with black cloth, and the three masked and robed inquisitorial judges seated in their chairs of office, whilst their secretary cross-questioned the unfortunate, and in many cases, innocent victim of a malignant secret foe, the decisions too often guided by views of state policy and expediency, will always cause this once-dreaded place to be entered with a feeling of sorrow by all subjects of free states. In the hall of the senate is the throne of the doges, placed in the centre of the seats reserved for the ten: seats for the subordinate members of the senate are placed on each side. Such inscriptions as the following, which are inscribed in large letters, are a species of mockery: "*CUSTODES LIBERTATIS—NUMQUAM DERELICTA.*"

"In the cathedral of St. Mark are the *veritable* bones of the evangelist. The five domes give the exterior an air of oriental grandeur. Externally and internally the walls are laden with hundreds of columns of porphyry, and variegated marbles. The floors, ceilings, and compartments, are inlaid with mosaics, gilding, and bronze. There are no fewer than fifteen gates of brass, —spoils brought from Constantinople nearly seven hundred years ago. The columns most thought of are eight, supposed to have come from the Temple of Jerusalem. When I looked up at the four bronze horses, the glory of Venice, which adorn at a high elevation the front of the cathedral, I thought of a remark made to me by a gentleman who was present when the allied armies, in 1815, caused them to be taken down from the triumphal arch in the Place du Carrousel at Paris, whither they had been taken in 1797, when the republic of Venice was prostrated by the republic of France. When the blocks and machinery by which they were removed were first put in motion, volleys of sacres, pestes, and other ejaculations of anger burst forth from the enraged spectators, who, in their indignation at the removal of the trophies of the victories of the French army, were almost induced to oppose the proceedings. The presence of the allied forces caused them at last, on more mature REFLECTION, to swallow the bitter pill. As the Venetians have no living horses, no wonder they should be proud of these, whose symmetrical proportions are pronounced to be faultless. Corinth, Rome, and Constantinople, have been by antiquarians named as the places from whence they were brought.

"To the Rialto ho! where "Signor Antonio had many a time and oft" rated the Jew Shylock about his moneys and usury. When there I thought of Shakspeare and of Kean, and looked at the bridge, and was disappointed. Twelve shops, six on each side of the bridge, betwixt which is a narrow space for the passengers, contain "the jewellers of the Rialto," now few in number who sell their wares in places more like booths than aught else. Having imagined a spacious elegant place, where the merchants of Venice at hour of 'change resorted, we were not prepared for the reality. It is now a much-frequented place. In passing through an abundantly-supplied fruit market,

not far distant from the bridge, we stopped a few minutes to watch an auction sale, principally of old clothing. The female part of the audience were by far the most numerous; and it was laughable to observe how eagerly they examined each article, and how they outstrove one another in bidding. What temptations are to be met with at an auction sale, when the idea of meeting with a cheap bargain, whether wanted or not, hurries one away into expense!

"We were fully as much pleased with the church dedicated to St. John and St. Paul as any place in Venice. In the open space before it is the noble equestrian monument of the famed general Colleoni, one of the first who made use of cannon. The interior of the building, with its numerous side chapels, is crowded with magnificent monuments in memory of the most noted names in the chronicles of Venice: the families of the doges Mocenigo, Valier, Morosini, Vendramin, and a host of others, as well as scores of generals, admirals, &c. We could barely devote one hour to it: three or four might well be spent there. Mention of several paintings of considerable merit by Bassano, Bonifacio, Tintoretto, Padovanino, Palma, and Paul Veronese, must not be omitted. One by Titian, "The Martyrdom of St. Peter," was honoured by a journey to Paris. The most extraordinary production of art is six bas reliefs in bronze, portraying scenes in the life of St. Dominique, executed with amazing skill. The pillars of the church are covered with crimson damask, and the curtains are of the same material and colour, the whole throwing a very effective and vivid hue on the numerous works of art. Our ramble had given us a good appetite for our five o'clock dinner, to which we now wended our willing way, calling on the route home to see a manufactory of those highly finished gold chains, for which Venice is so famous. The manufacture of the very minute watch guards is certainly worthy of inspection: quite a liliputian process. The man we called upon was a Jew in principle: he valued a chain of good gold which we submitted to his verdict, at one-fourth of its value, and asked for one which did not weigh half so much twice the amount of the valuation. John Bull would not be bamboozled by him.

"In the cool of the evening we took a gondola to the Lido, wishing to relieve our eyesight with a view of the rolling sea, and our heated frames with a cool breeze. Having crossed the Jews' burial ground (of which more elsewhere), we were rewarded for our trip, by the desired gratification of the senses before mentioned. Having determined that we would, before leaving Venice, enjoy a morning plunge in the brine, we returned to the gondola: our guide pointed out the place where the doge was annually in the habit of wedding Venice to the Adriatic, by dropping a ring into the sea from the prow of his splendid barge. We were put ashore at the public gardens, which are merely a collection of trees and walks, and were almost tenantless. Adjoining them is a fine street which Bonaparte made, by having the canal which ran through it filled up, and literally making land of it: it is a favourite promenade. Taking boat again we were soon landed at the Piazzetta, and proceeded to the Café Florian, where we took some of the delicious ices made there. What an enjoyment we had in gazing upon St. Mark's, the Palace, and the Square, &c., lit up by the silvery splendour of the moon, and feeling the cool evening air upon our cheeks! Numerous were the parties scattered about in front of the cafés. The hawkers of sweet meats, biscuits, &c. were busy in their vocations: tempted by the offer of slippers at one shilling per pair, we became purchasers. To close the day, which we had not idly spent, we again embarked on the waters, and made a pilgrimage to the palace which Lord Byron inhabited when a resident of Venice—the Palazzo Mocenigo, on the grand canal. Having feasted our eyes with a view of the shell which once contained so great a genius, we returned to our hotel and had no lack of food for reflection. During our sojourn in Italy we never saw or felt a musquito: I am very much mistaken if I did not this night hear one buzzing in our room. No matter, he let us alone."

Mr. Barlow is rather prosy; but his book may be useful to travellers.

FINE ARTS.

Beattie's Switzerland. Nos. 23 and 24. Virtue.

THE engravings of this work are not all executed with the same ability; but, on the whole, the work is well worthy of the notice of those who are fond of mountain-scenery. We notice more particularly the Wildkirchlein (or chapel of the wilds), in Appenzel, as conveying a good idea of the mistiness incidental to scenery in the higher regions of the Alps. The effect, although produced at infinitely less cost of labour, conveyed to us nearly the same notions as Brockedon's beautiful delineations of the same district. The fall of Handek is also given with much spirit. With the Hofbrücke, at Luzern, we were certainly disappointed, as we have ourselves seen the bridge from the other side, which is by far the most picturesque point of view.

The engravings are, on the whole, creditable to the artists employed; and the letter-press descriptions are given with considerable accuracy, as far as we have had leisure to examine them, except in the German names, which are occasionally mis-spelt; and we certainly disapprove of giving letter-press in the respective numbers unconnected with the engravings inserted in them. This is not creditable to the publishers of such engravings, and ought to be reformed. This hint is necessary to others also.

Stanfield's Coast Scenery. Parts I.—X. Smith and Elder.

Mr. Stanfield's celebrity as a marine painter is such that we need not say that, so far as his duties in the work were concerned, the work must merit public approbation. The draughtsman has been assisted by able engravers; and it is not too high praise to say that these views ought to attract general attention. We instance particularly the Needles—the Hamoaze—Hastings—Wreck off Boulogne—Dover Pier—and the Eddystone. The letter-press is not inferior to that usually accompanying books of engravings.

Finden's Ports and Harbours of Great Britain. Parts I. & II. C. Tilt.

This work, if we mistake not, is one of the very best that we have seen of the cheap engravings. The drawings are executed with spirit, especially the two views of Bamborough, in the second number; and the engraver has used his *burin* to good purpose. We wish Mr. Finden's work all the success which it undoubtedly deserves.

Winkle's Continental Cathedrals. V., VI., VII. C. Tilt.

Winkle's Illustrations of Winchester and Lincoln Cathedrals. Effingham Wilson.

Winkle's Ground-plans of the Cathedral Churches. Effingham Wilson.

No drawings require laborious engravings more than those of ecclesiastical buildings. There are perhaps only one or two artists of our own day who have succeeded in furnishing to the public satisfactory engravings of our cathedrals. We need not say, however, that we do not expect in the cheap numbers before us such highly-finished engravings as those of Le Keux. What could have been done, considering the low price of the publication, has been done; but we do not think that the subject of architecture is at all calculated for plates on which only a very limited degree of the engraver's art can be bestowed with due reference to economy.

Fisher's Views of Syria, the Holy Land, &c.; with letter-press by J. Carne, Esq. Parts I.—III. Fisher.

No country in the world is more rich in scenery, interesting by its novelty to a European and a Christian, than Syria and Palestine. These countries,

in which most of the scenes were enacted which must ever be interesting to the believers in holy writ, present certain features which must be well understood by the intelligent student of the scriptures. We pity the individuals who can read his bible and study the lives of Abraham, Samuel, and others of the Hebrew worthies, and yet be indifferent respecting the manners of the people and the scenery of the country in which such important transactions have occurred. The view of Tripoli is, perhaps, the best in the numbers that we have seen. Mr. Carne's illustrations ought not to be passed unnoticed. They are elegantly written, and well worthy of the author of "Letters from the East." An extract or two would not be out of place, but space does not allow a more extended notice.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

CLOSE OF AN UNPRODUCTIVE SESSION.—Parliament was prorogued on the 20th of August by the King in person. His Majesty went in the usual state to the House of Lords, soon after two o'clock, and delivered the following speech:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen—The state of the public business enables me at length to relieve you from further attendance in parliament; and in terminating your labours I have again to acknowledge the zeal with which you have applied yourselves to the public business, and the attention which you have bestowed upon the important subjects which I brought under your consideration at the opening of the session.

"The assurances of friendly dispositions which I receive from all foreign powers, enable me to congratulate you upon the prospect that peace will continue undisturbed.

"I lament deeply that the internal state of Spain still renders that country the only exception to the general tranquillity which prevails in the rest of Europe: and I regret that the hopes which have been entertained of the termination of the civil war have not hitherto been realized. In fulfilment of the engagements which I contracted by the treaty of Quadruple Alliance, I have afforded the queen of Spain the co-operation of a part of my naval force; and I continue to look with unabated solicitude to the restoration of that internal peace in Spain, which was one of the main objects of the Quadruple Treaty, and which is so essential to the interests of all Europe.

"I am happy to be able to inform you, that my endeavours to remove the misunderstanding which had arisen between France and the United States have been crowned with complete success. The good offices which for that purpose I tendered to the two governments, were accepted by both in the most frank and conciliatory spirit; and the relations of friendship have been re-established between them in a manner satisfactory and honourable to both parties. I trust that this circumstance will tend to draw still closer the ties which connect this country with two great and friendly nations, with which they have so many important relations in common.

"I have regarded with interest your deliberations upon the Report of the Commissioners appointed to consider the state of the Dioceses in England and Wales; and I have cheerfully given my assent to the measures which have been presented to me for carrying into effect some of these most important recommendations.

"It is with no ordinary satisfaction I have learned that you have, with much labour, brought to maturity enactments upon the difficult subject of tithes in England and Wales, which will, I trust, prove in their operation equitable to all the districts concerned, and generally beneficial in their results.

"The passing of the acts for Civil Registration, and for Marriages in England, has afforded much satisfaction. The provisions have been framed upon those large principles of religious freedom which, with a due regard to the welfare of the established church in this country, I have always been desirous of maintaining and promoting; and they will also conduce to the greater certainty of titles and to the stability of property.

"It has been to me a source of the most lively gratification to observe the tranquillity which has prevailed, and the diminution of crimes which has lately taken place in Ireland. I trust that perseverance in a just and impartial system of government will encourage this good disposition, and enable that country to develop her great national resources."

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons—I thank you for the liberality with which you have voted not only the ordinary supplies of the year, but the additional sums required to provide for an increase in my naval force. I am also gratified to perceive that you have made provision for the full amount of compensation awarded to the owners of slaves in my colonial possessions, and that the obligations entered into by the legislature have thus been strictly fulfilled.

"The increased productiveness of the public revenue has enabled you to meet those charges, and, at the same time, to repeal or reduce taxes, of which some were injurious in their effects upon my people, and others unequal in their pressure upon various parts of my dominions abroad.

"The present condition of manufactures and commerce affords a subject of congratulation, provided the activity which prevails be guided by that caution and prudence which experience has proved to be necessary to stable prosperity.

"My Lords and Gentlemen—The advanced period of the year, and the length of time during which you have been employed in public affairs, must render you desirous of returning to your respective counties. You will there resume those duties which are in importance inferior only to your legislative functions; and your influence and example will greatly conduce to the maintenance of tranquillity, the encouragement of industry, and the confirmation of those moral and religious habits and principles which are essential to the well-being of every community."

Some people are disposed to blame the government for the unproductiveness of the present session. We rather blame the lords who have rejected no less than *eighteen* bills sent up by the commons, among which are, the Municipal Corporation Amendment, Voters' Registration, Imprisonment for Debt, Irish Church, and Roman Catholic Marriage, bills. The whole conduct of the lords as a body calls imperatively for a *reform of the house of lords*.

VALUE OF DIRT.—To many of our readers who have in common with us a dislike to dirt, dirt moral as well as dirt physical, it may be a matter of curiosity to hear that even this detested article has a value in the market.

"The parish of St. Andrew, London, formerly paid a scavenger 400*l.* a year for cleaning their streets; which after some time being thought too much, the person engaged to do it for 300*l.*, then for 200*l.*, for 100*l.*, and finally for nothing. The parish afterwards contracted with a person who gave them 200*l.*, then 400*l.*, and now they actually receive 700*l.* a year for the soil of their streets. Some years ago the vestry of Marylebone parish paid a Mr. Harper the annual sum of 500*l.* for that service, then 300*l.* was given, and so on. At this moment, however, instead of paying any thing, the vestry yearly receive from their scavenger 1700*l.*!"

What may be the value of all the moral and political dirt of the *Times* newspaper and some of its tory brethren?

DEATH OF MR. ROTHSCHILD THE LOAN-CONTRACTOR.—This extraordinary person, who from very small beginnings attained eventually to the possession of an enormous property, perhaps three, and three only, being more wealthy than him in all Europe, and by reason of that property was enabled to exercise a very powerful influence on international politics, has at length paid his last instalment due to nature. He died at Frankfort on the Maine on the 28th of July, in his 60th year. His remains, after having been sent home to his residence in St. Swithin's, were interred with great ceremony and every show of respect from a very numerous retinue of mourners in the first class of society on Monday the 8th of August. We extract for the information of our readers a brief account of the distribution of his property, we mean his actually amassed property, independently of that which is still employed in the gigantic concerns of the house, whose head he is no longer.

"The will gives no statement of the amount of the property accumulated, nor of the kind of securities in which it is invested. There are eight executors appointed under the will, namely, the four brothers of the deceased, Mrs. Rothschild, one of his sons, his son-in-law, and Benjamin Cohen, his brother-in-law. The executors are strictly prohibited from interfering with any thing in their official capacity beyond the line of their duties as administrators. The testator had given to each of his sons on their coming of age 25,000*l.*, which the will directs shall be made up to 100,000*l.* in each case, the eldest son, lately married to his cousin-german, having already received his amount in full. The business is left to the three sons without any distinction or preference, and the youngest son, not yet of age, is in every respect to be placed on the same footing with his brothers on reaching his majority. The three daughters of the testator are also each to have 100,000*l.*, this sum being already paid to the eldest, married to her cousin. The two youngest, yet unmarried are to have the same sum paid, provided they marry with the consent of their mother and brothers, and not otherwise. If they remain unmarried they are to have 50,000*l.* each on reaching the age of twenty-five, and on arriving at forty they are to have the other 50,000*l.*, and no reversionary claim whatever on the residue of the property. The will throughout expresses the warmest affection for, and places the most unbounded confidence in, Mrs. Rothschild. She is secured an annuity of 20,000*l.*, clear of all incumbrance, during her life, and also the family town-house in Piccadilly, and the country-house at Barnsbury, with all their appurtenances, without any condition. The possibility of her again marrying is not once glanced at. The will declares that *the testator had an interest in all the houses conducted by his brothers on the Continent*, and, they having a reciprocal interest in the house conducted by him in London, that the joint business shall in future be carried on as heretofore by his sons, in conjunction with their uncles, for five years certain from his demise,—that the sons shall be guided by the advice of their uncles, and enter into no new undertaking on their own account without previously advising with and obtaining the consent of their mother. The testator has bequeathed nothing to public charities, servants, or dependents. He has entrusted the whole of this arrangement to Mrs. Rothschild, to act upon her discretion, without any control from the other executors; there are very few legacies under the will, and the principal one is 10,000*l.* to his brother-in-law and executor, Mr. B. Cohen; with about 500*l.* to each of the testator's sisters, and a few small sums to others, not exceeding in the whole 15,000*l.* to 16,000*l.* Tokens of remembrance to other friends and relations he leaves entirely to the discretion of Mrs. Rothschild."

DEATH OF QUESADA.—The Queen of Spain having been compelled by the late revolt to dismiss Quesada, captain-general of Madrid, he on the 15th, about 11 o'clock in the forenoon, left Madrid, attended by a single servant, disguised in plain clothes. On his arrival at Horteleza, distant about a league and a half, he was asked for his passport by the alcadi of the place, when, in the act of delivering it, he was recognised by a corporal of the national guard. He and his servant were at once arrested. Intelligence having reached Madrid, one of the soldiers immediately mounted his horse, followed by others of the national guard. They proceeded to Horteleza. On arriving at the house where Quesada was imprisoned, they entered it. The general was perfectly calm; the only observation he made was "that he had fulfilled his duty, and that were he again to find himself similarly circumstanced, he would act in the same manner precisely." The soldier, who had a musket, now fired, and Quesada instantly fell. The unfortunate man, exhibiting signs of life, was beaten on the head by one of the Madrid national guards until the brains protruded from his skull, whilst others hacked his body with their blunt sabres. The general's servant endeavoured to escape, but was also murdered. Quesada's body was horribly mutilated, and his head was severed from his body.

VARIETIES.

The Ascent of the Ortler in the Alps of Tyrol.—At Mont Gallo, a few miles north east of Mount Bernina, and east of the valley of the Inn, the chain of the Alps bifurcates, the larger ridge running north-east towards Nauders, the other, a smaller limb, branching eastward, with many subordinate ridges running southward into Upper Italy. The most elevated mountain of this chain lies on the Tyrolean side of the point where the confines of Tyrol, Lombardy, and Switzerland meet; by the Tyrolean themselves it is called the Ortlespitze, Ortler, or Orteler; its longitude is ten degrees thirty-one minutes east, and its latitude forty-six degrees thirty-eight minutes north. Surrounded on all sides by a desolate wilderness, and rising above the valleys of Taufers, Schludorns, Fubra, and Martell, its snow-crowned pyramidal summit is the most elevated spot in the Austrian dominions, and reaches an altitude of 12,814 English feet. The open and lofty summit is well laid down in General Jomini's excellent chart of the Alps. Until 1804 the foot of man had never reached it, but in September of that year a chamois-hunter, named Joseph Pichler, on the side of Taufers, after repeated failures, succeeded in mounting to its highest peak. In 1805, the Archduke John of Austria caused a hut to be erected on an elevated part of the mountain, and rings

and iron staves to be attached to the perpendicular surfaces; with these helps Dr. Gebbard, the celebrated naturalist, thrice succeeded in ascending it. The best place from which to start upon this interesting excursion is Mals. Proceeding to Taufers, and advancing about two miles from thence, the traveller comes to the isolated Pilgrim's Church, called the Three Springs, on the stream of the Taufers; he then ascends a desert Alp over a mass of snow to the Riffelu, a rocky ridge, from the foot of which the route ascends, over a surface of loose shifting soil, for nearly four miles, along the edge of an abyss of 2080 feet deep. He now steps upon the Ferner mountain, and crosses it in a southern direction straight towards Mount Cristallo; after proceeding for seven miles and a half, he turns towards the Schneerinne (snow-edge), an almost perpendicular wall, to mount which requires at least four hours, and so dangerous is it that not even the chamois flies thither save when in fear of his life. The soil is loose and shifting; the slightest breath of wind is sufficient to set it in motion, and if a stone is disturbed, it is immediately precipitated downwards. In this manner the traveller must go round the whole Ortler, and at last reaches the snow-ridge, which conducts from the Zwedul to the summit. The view may be easily conceived to be

boundless. The first night is passed about the region of wood, and the second night is spent at the same place; on the third Mals is regained. This was the route pursued by the party who ascended in 1826. Previously a less arduous way through the vale of the Schuld has been sought out. From this stream, as well as that of Taufers, the chapel of St. Gertrude had been gained, and two nights passed under the Black Head, an overhanging rock about the region of wood. The mountain is of the mica formation, or gneiss. Professor Thurmwieser, who ascended it in 1834, beheld the peak of Mont Blanc from its summit. The direct distance of Mont Blanc is at least 170 miles. To those who have travelled in the south west of France, or in other mountainous countries, and who can make proper allowance for refraction and other physical aids and appliances, this will not appear to be improbable, considering the heights of the two points of observation.

Newspapers in British America.—The first English newspaper in Canada was the *Quebec Gazette*, established in 1765. The *Montreal Gazette* was set on foot in 1775. In 1810 there were ten papers in Lower, one in Upper Canada, and three in Nova Scotia. There are now (1835) thirty-four papers in Canada; and in the whole of British America there are no less than fifty-seven newspapers.

French Cotton Manufactures.—Our own greatness, as cotton manufacturers, is apt to blind us to the increasing success of our neighbours. A few well-authenticated facts respecting the French cotton works will, perhaps, not be unacceptable to our readers. French cotton-spinning is chiefly carried on in the departments of the Upper and Lower Rhine, and in the adjacent parts of the Vosges, Upper Saone, and Doubs, in which much calico is made from the spun cotton of Mulhausen, a town of rising population, and manufacturing importance. These departments, the inhabitants of which are employed in the manufacture of one article only, form together a compact district, containing fifty-six factories; forty of them are in the department of the Upper Rhine, but four in that of the Lower Rhine, and twelve in the adjoining departments. These factories have 700,000 spindles at work; and, at the present moment, not less than 120,000 more are in course of construction. When they are all constructed and at work, the quantity of cotton spun may be stated at about 148,000 cwt., obtained from about 180,360 cwt. of the raw material. The latter consists of American cotton, and the sort of Egyptian

cotton called "cotton jaumet," in the proportion of 15,000 bales from Egypt, and 10,000 bales from America. In the district above designated there are but five or six establishments which have large power-loom mills, but a great number of single hand-loom are dispersed throughout it. The result of some experience has shown that a hand-loom cannot furnish much more than 210lbs. of cotton, or about twenty-five pieces per annum, and, as the looms are laid aside by the workmen during harvest-time for the labours of the field, the number that are in action may be roughly stated at about 60,000, including 3,000 impelled by machinery. The number of persons employed in this part of Alsace, on every branch of cotton manufacture, is probably about 105,000 or 110,000 of both sexes and all ages, of whom about 18,500 are spinners, 72,000 are weavers, 14,000 printers, and about 1100 are bleachers. This amount of labour produces annually from 1,800,000 to 2,000,000 of pieces of coarse and fine calico, muslins, and tissues of various colours.

English Silks as estimated by the French.—The English are, we own, our rivals as to plain silks, and sell their Gros de Naples and Levantines at a lower price than ourselves in the American markets. It will, however, appear, upon examination, that in the first and chief place they are inferior both in dye and finish, particularly the black kinds; in the second, that they are less uniform in their texture, and readily fray and unravel; and in the third, that the slightest drop of rain draws up the material in a most extraordinary manner. The Spitalfields goods are better manufactured than the Lancashire, but a better price is paid for them. With respect to ribands, it must be allowed that Coventry has made rapid strides of late years; and St. Etienne must redouble its exertions, unless its manufacturers be inclined to suffer their rivals to get the start of them. The latter are still incontestably superior to them in point of design; but their rivals are taking the best course, by instituting schools for the education of better artists, to place themselves on equal footing with them. What might we not hope for, if all the injudicious taxes on the English silk-weavers were repealed, and we could compete with the foreigner on equal terms?

Expenses of Military Establishments.—The nations of Europe, in the calm of reflection that has necessarily followed the bustle of war, have begun to understand the folly of involving the whole continent

in turmoil and misery, and themselves and their governments in irretrievable debt and ruin. The additional labour and consequently national wealth that might be made effective, if standing armies were not deemed necessary for the dignity of empires, may be understood from the following statement:—"Throughout Europe there are rather more than 2,300,000 men under arms, which is in the proportion of upwards of 1 in every 100 souls, supposing its whole number of inhabitants to be 225,000,000. Now, if we allow each soldier to have been capable of earning but eighteen pence per day, had he remained at home, we have here a dead loss of labour amounting to 172,500*l.* per day, or, taking the number of working days at 313 in the year, of 53,992,500*l.* per annum; but, in addition to this enormous sacrifice, what amount shall we add for the value of wasteful equipments, for wasting and wasted clothing, provisions, ammunition, &c., and for the thousands on thousands of horses withdrawn from agriculture and other useful purposes, and consigned to the unproductive homestead of the barrack?"

LITERARY NOTICES.

Works in the Press.

Introduction to Medical Botany, third edition. By T. Castle, M.D. F.L.S.
 Linnæan System of Botany, illustrated and explained. By T. Castle, M.D. F.L.S.

British Flora Medica, Part VI. By B. H. Barton, F.L.S., and T. Castle, M.D. F.L.S.

Scientific Memoirs; selected and translated from Foreign Journals, and from the Transactions of Foreign Academies and Learned Societies. Edited by Richard Taylor, F.L.S., G.S., and Astr. S.

Shortly will be Published,

An English Grammar. By Matthias Green, Birmingham.

Select Plays from Shakspeare, chiefly adapted for the Use of Schools and Young Persons, with Notes, selected from the best commentators. By E. Slater.—This selection comprises the following admired Plays, viz.—Hamlet, Macbeth, Richard III., King John, Coriolanus, and Julius Cæsar.

Mr. Jacob Jones announces for publication, during the month, a *third edition* of "The Anglo-Polish Harp," "Scenes from Longinus," and "Poems," with emendations and considerable additions.

This day is published, 12mo.

First Progressive Latin Exercises, adapted to the Orthography and Etymology of Hiley's Latin Grammar: to which are added, Exercises on the most general Rules of Syntax. By Richard Hiley.

BRISTOL MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

This great assemblage of British and Foreign *savans* commenced on Monday 22d, the general committee having previously assembled on Saturday for the arrangement of business:—and the Marquis of Northampton was appointed to fill the place of the Marquis of Lansdowne, whose absence was owing to the lamented death of the Earl of Kerry, his eldest son. The whole number of visitors according to our latest information was very nearly 1300.

The following was the arrangement of the different sections during the meeting:—

- A. MATHEMATICS AND PHYSICS.—(At the Merchant's Hall) President, Rev. W. Whewell; Secretaries, Prof. Forbes, W. S. Harris, Esq., and F. W. Jerrard, Esq.
- B. CHEMISTRY AND MINERALOGY.—(At the Grammar School) President, Rev. Prof. Cumming; Secretaries, Drs. Apjohn and C. Henry, W. Herapath, Esq.
- C. GEOLOGY AND GEOGRAPHY.—(At the Institution) President, Rev. Dr.

Buckland; Secretaries, W. Sanders, S. Stuchbury, T. J. Torrie, and F. H. Rankin, Esquires.

D. ZOOLOGY AND BOTANY.—(At Colston's School) President, Prof. Henslow; Secretaries, John Curtis, and S. Rootsey, Esquires, Prof. Don, and Dr. Riley.

E. ANATOMY AND MEDICINE.—(At Colston's School) President, Dr. Roget; Secretaries, Dr. Symonds, and G. D. Fripp, Esq.

F. STATISTICS.—(At the Cathedral Chapter-room) President, Sir C. Lemon; Secretaries, Rev. J. E. Bromby, C. B. Frepp, and J. Heywood, Esquires.

G. MECHANICAL SCIENCE.—(At the Merchants' Hall) President, Davies Gilbert, Esq.; Secretaries, T. G. Bunt, G. T. Clark, and W. West, Esqrs.

In all the sections, papers of very great interest have been read. In section A. Sir D. Brewster gave some account of an experiment made by him in making lenses of rock-salt. Mr. Lubbock made statements respecting the comparative tides of London and Liverpool, and on the influence of atmospheric pressure as affecting tides; and he was followed by Mr. Whewell on the same subject, and also on the Committee's proceedings for ascertaining the relative level of the sea and land with respect to its permanence. These remarks are so important that we venture to lay some of them before our readers.

It is intended to appoint a committee for the same purposes, who should be furnished with instructions founded upon the views at which the former Committee had by their labours and experience arrived. One method proposed was that marks should be made along various parts of the coast, which marks should be referred to the level of the sea; but here the enquiry met us in the very outset—what is the proper and precise notion to be attached to the phrase *level of the sea*? Was it high water-mark or low water-mark? Was it at the level of the mean tide, which recent researches seemed to establish? In composing hydrographical maps the level of the sea was taken from low water, and this, although in many respects inconvenient, could not yet be dispensed with, for many reasons, one of which he might glance at—that, by its adoption, shoals, which were dry at low water, were capable of being represented upon the maps as well as the land. The second method proposed appeared to be the one from which the most important and conclusive results were to be expected. It consisted in accurately levelling, by land survey, lines in various directions, and by permanently fixing, in various places, numerous marks of similar levels at the time; by the aid of these marks, at future periods, it could be ascertained whether or not the levels had or had not changed, and thus the question would be settled whether or not the land was rising or falling. Still further, by running on those lines as far as the sea-coast, and marking their extremities along the coast, a solution would at length be obtained to that most important question—what is the permanent level of the sea at a given place? Until something like this were accomplished, we could not expect any thing like accuracy in many important and even practical cases. As an example, he supposed the question to be the altitude of Dunbury Hill referring to the level of the sea: if that level of the sea were taken at Bristol, where the tide rises fifty feet, the level of low water would differ from the same level on the sea-coast at Devonshire, where the sea rises, say eighteen feet; and supposing the place of mean tide to be the true permanent level by no less a quantity than sixteen feet, which would therefore make that hill to appear sixteen feet higher, upon an hydrographical map constructed by a person taking his level from the coast of Devonshire, than it would appear upon the map of an engineer taking his level at Bristol. In the method proposed, the lines of equal level would run, suppose from Bristol to Ilfracomb in one direction, and from Bristol to Lime Regis in the other, and by these a common standard of level would soon be obtained for the entire coast.

Mr. G. B. Gerrard's researches on the general solution, which were reported by Sir William Hamilton, attracted great interest in the section, and elicited some very high eulogies from Prof. Peacock and Mr. Babbage on Mr. Jerrard's

mode of treating this difficult subject. Professor Phillips read a report of experiments made for the purpose of determining the inferior temperature of the earth, and, in connection with this subject, Prof. Forbes gave an extemporaneous account of some experiments in the mines on the Lead Hills. These were followed by a paper of Mr. Craig's on polarized light, who in the course of his remarks detailed the five ordinary methods of polarizing light: 1. By reflections at certain angles from plates of glass. 2. By reflections from similar plates, having their under surfaces blackened, so as to absorb the rays upon their coming to the back surface of the glass, and to this glass he would refer the effects of all polished surfaces, such as varnished mahogany tables and trays, japanned metals, burnished leather, &c., and he instanced the total disappearance of all diversity of colour from varnished card of several colours, when viewed under certain circumstances, through eye-pieces of tourmaline, Iceland spar, &c. 3. By transmitting the ray through certain crystalline substances, such as Iceland spar, &c. 4. By passing the ray through crystals of tourmaline cut by planes parallel to the axes of the crystal. 5. By the use of Nicholl's double fusion of Iceland spar. The rev. gentleman then proceeded to explain, in connection with his theoretic views, the play of colours observed within certain kinds of crystals of Iceland spar, the distinction between right-handed and left-handed quartz crystals, and numerous other instances derived from facts familiar to those who have studied this branch of science.

Mr. Russell gave an account of researches regarding the laws of the motion of waves, a subject deserving the greatest attention, especially when taken in connection with the investigations of Messrs. Whewell and Lubbock on the tides. Mr. Russell divides waves into four classes, to the two latter of which his enquiries were chiefly confined:—1. Waves of the first species are seen in what is commonly called ripple on the surface of a pool; these may be called dentated, and are not propagated beyond the place of their generation. 2. Waves of the second species, or *oscillatory* waves, are found when a stone is dropped into a quiescent fluid, and these succeed each other in concentric rings—these are the waves of Newton and Young, and correspond to the second species of poisson; they are propagated with a velocity proportioned to the magnitude of the displaced fluid. 3. The third species of waves are called breakers, surges, and tidal-bores; and, 4. The fourth species of waves is the solitary wave, analogous to the great tidal-wave of the ocean; it is propagated with nearly a uniform velocity. The following principles may be considered as ascertained. The two last species, the surge and the solitary wave, are the subjects of this investigation. It was observed, 1st, When a considerable and permanent addition is made to the volume of a limited portion of fluid contained in an open reservoir, such addition produces an elevation of the surface of the fluid, which is propagated in the form of a solitary wave, moving with a velocity nearly uniform. 2nd, The velocity of the propagation of such waves is equal to that which would be acquired by a heavy body, in falling through a space equal to half the depth of the fluid. 3d, The length of such a wave is nearly constant for a given depth. 4th, The height of the wave varies with its volume, and must be added to the depth of the fluid, in calculating the velocity according to art. 5th, When the height of a wave exceeds twice the depth its form ceases to be a form of equilibrium, and it breaks. 6th, When the anterior part of a wave is found at a depth less than that of the posterior portion, and the height is greater than twice the depth, the wave curls forward, forming the common surge. 7th, When the width of a channel diminishes in an arithmetical ratio, the height of the wave increases in a geometrical one until it exceeds twice the depth, when it breaks.

Mr. Russell received some very handsome compliments from Mr. Scoresby, Mr. Whewell, and Sir William Hamilton. Besides the papers above mentioned, must be enumerated Professor Powell's paper on the degrees of refraction of different transparent substances, Mr. M'Gauley's account of experiments in electro-magnetism with reference to its application as a

motive power, which was very severely commented on by Dr. Ritchie, a very successful and talented experimenter on the same subject. Papers were subsequently read by Messrs. Slevely, Wheatstone, Addams, and others; but we have not room for a more extended notice.

In section B Mr. Watson read a paper on the phosphate and pyrophosphate of soda, after which was described and exhibited a new form of blow-pipe by Mr. Ettrick, so constructed as to furnish a constant blast independently of hydrostatic pressure, accomplished by small bellows worked by a wheel and pinion, and fitted with a stop-cock to the tube connecting the bellows and reservoir. Mr. Herapath followed with some remarks on the chemical constituents of the Bath waters, and afterwards with a short paper on the aurora borealis, which he attributed to the escape of electricity in streams from an excited cloud enveloped in a dry atmosphere. This view was strongly opposed by Dr. Dalton, on the ground that the phenomena occur frequently when clouds are altogether absent.

Dr. Hare next described his apparatus for the analysis of gaseous mixtures. It consists of two distinct parts, his eudiometer and calorimeter, in the former of which he measures and confines, and, by the latter of which, he fires the mixture. The combustion is not produced, as in the case of the common eudiometer, by an ordinary electric spark, but by igniting with the calorimeter a fine platinum wire, which traverses the gaseous mixture. Dr. Hare applies his calorimeter to the blasting of rocks. By this machine the powder can be fired at a great distance, and several trains also at the same instant, of course, without endangering the lives of quarrymen; and, should an immediate explosion not take place upon setting the calorimeter in action, by replacing this instrument in the inactive state, which is done in an instant, the train may be approached without fear that ignition will ensue, a thing which, according to the ordinary modes of blasting, can seldom be done with impunity. He also alluded to an apparatus, in which silicon and boron can be readily obtained by igniting with his calorimeter potassium enveloped by the fluosilicic or fluoboric gases.

A profoundly scientific paper was read by Mr. Exley on the propriety of reducing chemistry to mathematical principles, which was highly praised by Drs. Dalton and Thomson of Glasgow; but it was too difficult to be generally understood by a mere hearing of it. Mr. Babbage exhibited an old thermometer discovered in Italy, which occasioned some interesting conversation on thermometers generally, and their application to meteorological purposes.

An essay on gaseous interference, by Dr. Charles Henry, was next read. If oxygen and hydrogen be mixed, and brought into contact with spongy or metallic platinum, the combination of these gases is very rapidly effected, and, if mixed in the proper proportion, they are converted usually with the phenomena of ignition, although into water. It is also well known that if into an atmosphere of oxygen and hydrogen, mixed in the ratio necessary for forming water, certain other inflammable gases be introduced, the combination of the oxygen and hydrogen is, if not altogether suspended, at least materially interrupted. This is what Dr. Henry denominates *gaseous interference*. The cause of this remarkable effect has at different times attracted the attention of eminent chemists. Dr. Turner has ascribed it to the soiling of the platinum by the interfering gas, Dr. Faraday to some peculiar condition induced in the metal; while Dr. Henry himself, at a period long prior to the present, conceived it to arise from the fact of carbonic oxide and olefiant gas having a stronger affinity than hydrogen for oxygen gas. In his present paper, Dr. Henry investigated the entire question. As a general rule, it may be laid down that the interfering influence of the gas bears an inverse relation to the energy with which the platinum acts, and the degree of heat—conditions, however, which may be considered as identical. The diminution, and even disappearance, of interference at high temperatures, Dr. Henry attributes to a

relative augmentation of the affinity of hydrogen for oxygen, an hypothesis indeed established by other and independent facts.

That Dr. Henry's theory of gaseous interference is the true one, he infers from the general fact of no gases exercising any such influence but those which have an affinity for oxygen; and that it is strictly true, at least in the case of carbonic oxide, there can be no question, seeing that some of the oxygen is actually employed in the production of carbonic acid.

Papers were also read by Mr. Horapath on arsenical poisons, by Professor Johnston on chemical constants, by Dr. Hare on Berzelius's nomenclature, by Dr. Dalton on atomic symbols, and by others whom we cannot further mention for want of room.

In section C the business commenced with a memoir by Mr. Charlesworth on the vertebrated animals found in the Norfolk and Suffolk crag; and what the writer seemed most desirous of proving was that the tertiary formations in the eastern counties, the mammifera and mollusca, are found in association. The northern part of the crag, that is, from Cromer to Aldborough, differs materially in its fossil remains from the southern part in Essex and Suffolk,—particularly in the fish and testacea; but in both parts the genera of mammiferous animals could be identified with those still existing or others exclusively belonging to the diluvial deposits. Bones of birds were also discovered, chiefly those of the natatorial tribes. The variety of the testacea in different parts of the crag led to the supposition that its formation had taken place at different eras, and the absence of reptiles seemed to prove that the climate at the time of the formation was similar to that of the Polar regions. An animated conversation followed between the writer, Messrs. Sedgewick, Greenough, Conybeare, and Murchison, on the period of the formation of the crag. Mr. Sedgewick considered the crag to be of one epoch, and dissented from Mr. Charlesworth about the extinction of the mastodon before the formation of the diluvial beds, as there were not facts sufficient to justify the conclusion. Mr. Bowman read a paper on the bone-caves in the mountain-limestone at Caefn in Denbighshire, after which two models by Mr. Ibbotson, of the country about Neufchatel and of the undercliff in the Isle of Wight, which were well entitled to the praise bestowed on them by the Committee. The great feature of the second day's meeting in this section was a memoir by Messrs. Sedgewick and Murchison on the classification of the Devonshire slate-rocks, and on the position of the culm deposits in the middle of the county. It appears that up to the present period the older slate-rocks have been represented by one colour only, and so likewise the different limestones by one only. The object of this paper was to ascertain the position and nature of the several deposits so that they might be separately marked on the maps. The ascending order of the series is said to be as follows:—1. A system of slaty clays with casts of organic remains, passing into glossy clay-slates and a reddish flagstone or sandstone. 2. A series of rocks characterized by masses of thick-bedded sandstone and red micaceous flagstone, with very few organic remains. 3. The calcareous slates of Ilfracombe abounding with organic remains, and containing many distinct ribs of limestone. 4. A formation of green and blueish slates passing superiorly into a great bed of variously-coloured sandstones and micaceous flagstones. 5. The Silurian rocks, containing many subordinate beds of limestone, very rich in characteristic organic remains. 6. The carbonaceous system of Devonshire, in a direction east and west across the county, in its southern boundary so close to Dartmoor that its lower beds have been tilted up and altered by the granite. It occupies a trough, the northern border of which rests partly upon the Silurian system and partly upon older rocks. Its southern border also rests on the slate rocks of Launceston. It every where exhibits a succession of violent contortions. In some places it is overlaid by patches of green sand, and west of Bideford by conglomerates of the new red sandstone.

We regret that our report of this learned meeting must here close for the present; but we shall hope to return to the subject next month.

